

The Messenger

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

HYMN TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

O Thou compacted
Body of blessings! spirit of souls extracted!
Oh! dissipate Thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condensed sweets! and break upon us
In balmy showers!
Oh! fill our senses and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of
Thee,
Fair flowery Name! in none but Thee
And Thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is defined thus—
That no perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin, sweet name! to Thee.
Sweet name, in Thy each syllable,
A thousand blest Arabias dwell!
A thousand hills of frankincense,
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes Thee takes from hence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts which there are in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In pity's soft lap lie a sleeping!
Happy is he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them,
House and lodge them in his heart.
—Richard Crashaw (died 1650).

Communications.

For The Messenger.

NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

VI.

In the discussion of my subject thus far, my object has been to assert the absolute supremacy of the spiritual over the natural in the constitution of the Scriptures—the authority of their real divine inspiration, over every form of supposed human control—in the direction of what is comprehended commonly in the notion of private judgment. This is a very vague loose term. People use it, for the most part, with little or no sense of what they mean by it themselves; but always with the covert imagination at least, if not open purpose, of making the idea of revelation rational, as they suppose, by putting it through a process of preliminary inquiry, conducted by themselves or by others whom they think they can trust, for the purpose of verifying its claims in an outside scientific way. Open infidels, of course, naturalists, traditionalists, sceptics, of every hue and stripe, take to themselves the credit of being the only true and strict adherents of such private judgment. With them it means, the right and duty of every man to follow simply his own natural mind and reason, in matters of religion as well as in all other things. What we call the Christian idea of private judgment is compelled necessarily to shrink from such unlimited license as this; for it must own the semblance at least of a supreme authority somehow, in divine revelation; and the problem with it is always, accordingly, to qualify the notion of freedom in the case by the notion of such authority, in such sort that the one factor shall not be nullified by the other. Hence

a sliding scale of proportions among our Protestant denominations, according to which while all agree in holding the Bible to be the only rule of faith, each has its own separate way, nevertheless, of moderating this exclusiveness, by a more or less amount of private judgment peculiar to itself.

What I have wished to show is, that no such outside scientific judgment, whether of single men or of classes and schools of men—and just as little in the Church, and under the Christian banner, as outside of the Church, and under the banner of open infidelity—can be allowed to enter into the heart of God's revelation, and make itself there the central principle of its interpretation, or even a co-ordinate factor in its interpretation, without monstrous profanation and sacrilege. For that central pre-eminence belongs entirely and solely to the Spirit of Jehovah, who has said, "My glory will I not give to another, neither My praise to graven images." This, and nothing less, is just what the inspiration of the Bible means; and if we believe not in its inspiration in such high and holy form, how can it be for us at all the WORD OF GOD?

I repeat then what I have already said. The inmost sense of Holy Scripture, that which carries in it the salient life of all that makes it truly divine, cannot be reached in any degree by approaches of the natural understanding, however highly cultivated, laboring to attain to it through its mere outward letter, the side which it turns toward the natural world. Grammar, logic, rhetoric, science universally, and philosophy, are alike impotent for any such purpose as that. The imagination, the spirit of poetry, the power of the ideal, in its brightest creations of art, before this mystery of mysteries stand voiceless as the Egyptian sphinx. Theology, confessional belief, traditional orthodoxy, Christian education, personal religious experience itself in its subjective merely human form, weighed in the balances, are found wanting for the end here spoken of exactly in the same way. In themselves, they are on the outside of the actual life of the Bible. That life owes to them no part of its existence whatever; and how should they be then ever, in such outside view, the medium of any real living access to it on the part of men? If the living spirit of the Word is to be in them at all as a medium of this sort, they must themselves be regenerated first by the life and light of the Lord, flowing into them through the Word itself for such heavenly purpose.

So much for the principle of PRIVATE JUDGMENT, the unbound freedom of the human mind, in its effort to bring the powers of revelation like the powers of nature (such as steam, electricity, magnetism) under its magisterial rule. In all its forms and phases, it is a stupendous delusion. It never can be more at best than the lever of Archimedes vainly seeking a fulcrum in the natural, whereby to reach and move the spiritual. It is thus forever unstable in its own position. By the force of a logic which it has no power to withstand, it is continually driven out of itself, as it were toward the apparent contradiction of itself in the form of blind outward authority; which in fact, however, is but the opposite pole of its own false action, affording no relief from the curse and misery of it whatever. No private judgment can hold in pure abstraction from all life outside of itself. It must lean always on some broader judgment; and such broader judgment is for it at once the notion of an outside authority. Hence in the Church at large the Protestant principle of private judgment, as we all know, is never found in truth dissociated in full from the idea of such a normative rule, holding in the mind of the Church as a whole. Every Protestant denomination is self-bound in this way, by its confession and ecclesiastical tradition; in other words, finds it necessary to supplement its otherwise utterly untenable principle of private judgment, by adding to it the principle of outward authority, supposed to reside somehow, for such convenient use, in its own version of the Christian Church.

But it is with the Roman Church in particular, that this principle of CHURCH AUTHORITY comes to its full significance for the exposition of the Scriptures, and through that for the determination of all Christian doctrine and life. Here it is not simply a supplement or qualification for the principle of private judgment; it demands that this shall become in its presence passive and unthinking as a mere stock or stone. That is, it claims to be itself the interior spiritual sense of God's inspiration in the Bible, the very presence therefore of God's Spirit there, and so the one and sole medium exclusively by which it is possible for the speech or word of God in Holy Scripture to touch supernaturally the soul or spirit of men reading it or hearing it read.

Who can help calling to mind, in the face of such vast pretension as this, the words of the Apostle: "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in

the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God" (2 Thess. ii. 4).

I quote not, God know, in the way of railing accusation; but from a profound feeling of what I must regard as the awful sanctity of the Word of God, in whose inmost bosom is enshrined the abiding inspiration of Christ Himself, the Lord of life and glory, who has promised to make His presence actual for His Church in this way always to the end of time. The Bible in such view is His temple more interiorly even than the Church; just as the ark of old with the law in it, was the holiest of all in the Jewish sanctuary. The whole worship of the Jewish nation, with the high priest at the head of it, came there to its burning focus in the living presence of the Lord between the wings of the cherubim. The ministry of the high priest could add nothing of its own to this presence. Its office was simply to tremble and adore. What must we think then of any attempt now, in the name of the Church, to put a human sacerdotal vicegerency in the place of the Holy Ghost in the Word? Can it be anything less than the abomination spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing where it ought not in the holy place of the temple? And must not such defilement of God's holy temple draw after it necessarily His heavy displeasure and curse?

The full sense of the principle of church authority, as it is thus held by the Church of Rome, and the full bearing of it, at the same time, on the subject I am now discussing, may be gathered, in brief, from the two following propositions taken from a standard work entitled "The Faith of Catholics":

1. "From the testimony and authority of the Catholic Church we receive the Scriptures, and believe them to contain the revealed Word of God."

2. "As the Church can assuredly tell us what particular book is the Word of God, so can she, with the like assurance, tell us the sense and meaning of it, in controverted points of faith; the same Spirit, which directed the writing of the Scriptures, directing the Church to understand them, and to teach all mysteries and duties that are necessary to salvation."

No one can study these two propositions, as we find it for example, plausibly contrasted with the Protestant rule, in pleasing popular style, by Dr. Wiseman, in his famous Lectures, without being made to feel, that it is very loose and vague, and in various ways unsatisfactory. It is especially so for the way in which it jumbles together the written word and the word unwritten as one revelation; and then for its utterly mechanical and external conception of the nature of divine revelation altogether. But my only concern with the subject here, is to bring into view the curious fact, that the principle of church authority as held by Romanists, while condemning the principle of private judgment as held by Protestants, comes at last just to the same result with this, in denying practically the living presence of God's Spirit in His own Word. In both cases alike, the natural is allowed to predominate over the spiritual. In both cases, the mind of man affects to go before the mind of God in the interpretation of Holy Scripture, and so virtually refuses to see or own in the Bible itself any real divine inspiration whatever.

In both cases alike, the Word of God is held to be the ultimate rule of faith, with this difference, that the Romanist includes in his idea of the Word a great deal more than the Protestant. It means for him the Bible, and a large body besides of unwritten tradition. In both cases alike again, it is held that natural testimony and instruction are needed to open the way toward the right apprehension of what the Scriptures are in this view.

"We find a body of external testimony," says Cardinal Wiseman, speaking for his own Church, "sufficient to satisfy us, that these are documents produced at the time when they profess to have been written, and that those persons were their authors, whose names they bear. And as these were eye-witnesses of what they relate, and give us in their lives and characters, the strongest security of their veracity, we conclude all that they have recorded to be certain and true. We thus arrive at the discovery, that besides their mere narrative, they unfold to us a system of religion preached by One who wrought the most stupendous miracles to establish and confirm the divinity of His mission. In other words, we are led by the simple principle of human investigation to an acknowledgment of the authority of Christ to teach, as one who came from God; and we are thus led to the necessity of yielding implicit credence to whatever we find Him to have taught. So far, the investigation, being one of outward and visible facts, cannot require any thing more than simple, historical or human evidence."

But this, as we know, is just the way in which the private judgment of the Protestant, also, moves from the outside towards his idea of an infallible rule of faith established by divine inspirations in the Bible. So much Dr. Wiseman himself admits; while he is clear-headed enough to see, at the same time, however, that this is not of itself sufficient to authenticate the actual fact of such inspiration; and so leaving the Protestant pri-

vate judgment here in the lurch, as he supposes, goes on to show what he holds to be the more excellent way of the Roman Catholic rule of faith in an argument which may be summed up in brief as follows:

"Having established the divine authority of Christ by simple historical or human evidence, we inquire what is it that He taught? This leads us to His doctrine of the teaching Church: a body that was to be invested, not merely with great authority, but with power equal to His own; and to which should be entrusted the care and perpetuation of the universal Christian faith to the end of time. Thus, by what is still mere historical reasoning, we come to an assurance of the full divine authority of the Church, and for all that follows, therefore, in this argument, have no need to turn back, by calling in once more the evidence of man. For now the Church stands forth with that authority wherewith she is invested by Christ, and proclaims: under that guaranty of divine assistance which the words of Christ, in whom you believe, have given me, I pronounce that this book contains the revealed Word of God, and is inspired by the Holy Spirit; and that it contains all that has a right to enter into the sacred collection."

Such, according to Cardinal Wiseman, is the Romanist rule of faith, in its superiority to the Protestant rule. The positions assumed in it are open to all sorts of question and debate; but as I have said before, my object here is simply to expose the huge fallacy, by which it pretends to reach the interior sense of the Word of God, the sanctuary of its real inspiration—which is the only seat of its real divine authority—by any method of approach from the outside at all better than that which it sees to be untenable, in the same line of movement, on the part of the ordinary Protestant rule. If the Protestant dreams of springing by a single leap from his "simple historical or human evidence" over into the supernatural adytum of God's Word, as it is looked into reverentially by the angels, is the case, I ask, made at all better (if not indeed positively worse), when the Romanist indulges in the dream of doing the same thing more circuitously, by pretending to substantiate in this way of mere natural outside proof these three things: first, the divine authority of Christ Himself; secondly, from His testimony, the divine authority of the Church; and thirdly, from this again, the divine authority of the Bible! J. W. N.

For The Messenger.

UNEMPLOYED MINISTERS.

Unemployed ministers are ministers, real ministers. There are some people, who seem to have difficulty in understanding this. They can understand how an unemployed blacksmith can still continue to be a blacksmith: though he may get sick and be too weak to blow his bellows or swing his sledge, for six months or a year, yet they know he is a blacksmith and will continue to be one. But how a minister, who does not preach steadily, who has no charge and no regular appointments, can still continue to be a minister, seems to be more than these people can comprehend.

Now the difficulty under which such people labor, is no doubt owing, in some measure, to the extreme practical tendency of the age, but more, perhaps, to the loose, erroneous views that have come to be prevalent in reference to the nature of the ministry itself, and especially of ordination, as that rite by which the individual is set apart for the work of the holy calling, and permanently invested with the powers and responsibilities of the sacred office. The ministry seems to be regarded by these persons as consisting solely and exclusively in a certain line of activity, in a certain round of exercises and performances; and where these activities cease, there the ministry, in their view, comes to an end. Hence the unemployed minister, the minister who, seeing that his health is giving way, yields to dire necessity, gives up his charge to another and retires from the active duties of his office, in the hope that rest or active labor in some other sphere may restore his wasted powers, is often regarded by these people as having forfeited his claim to the title of minister. By some he is still looked upon as a minister, but not in the full sense of the word. In their mind he seems to be a kind of mongrel character, partly minister and partly something else, occupying a sort of intermediate place midway between the sacred and the profane.

Another class of persons seem to regard the unemployed minister as a kind of ministering spirit, who, exempt from the hard lot of ordinary mortals, can go upon the wings of the wind and need take no thought at all for to-morrow, what he shall eat, what he shall drink, or wherewithal he is to be clothed. He is one whose purse never gets empty, though nobody ever puts anything into it, whose coat never gets threadbare, whose horse never gets tired or hungry and

whose wife or children are just such mysterious beings as he himself is. Though unemployed he is not forgotten. Every now and then an invitation, sometimes a "Macedonian cry," comes to him, and although he cannot afford to stop the work by which he earns his bread, yet, if his strength permits, he leaves his plow in the unfinished furrow, saddles his nag and goes: for he is glad of the opportunity of doing something in the line of his calling—of being permitted to preach the Gospel and minister at the altar. He reaches the place of his destination, takes the good pastor's place and preaches. At the close of the third or the sixth day, as the case may be, when all the services are over and the unemployed is beginning to think of the coming morrow, the weary, homeward journey and the accumulated work that awaits him on his arrival there, a conversation sometimes takes place, somewhat like this, which the writer here endeavors to reproduce from memory:

Pastor: "My dear brother, you have done me a great favor by coming to assist me. You have afforded me a much needed respite from labor, and my people are much pleased. What are your expenses?"

Unemployed: "I am truly glad to have been of service to you. I count it a privilege to be permitted to preach the Gospel now and then as my strength allows. Such seasons are times of refreshing to me. As I came in my own conveyance, my expenses are, of course, nothing."

Pastor: "We always expect to pay a brother's expenses when we invite him to come and assist us, and not only that, we take it as a matter of course, that we are to assist him in return, when called upon to do so. In our relation to one another as ministers, we ought to be neighborly, and, in order to be so, we must act on the principle that 'one good turn deserves another.'"

Unemployed: "Exactly so. I think it would be of great benefit to the ministers themselves and to their charges too, if they would be more neighborly than they are. I shall be truly glad of your assistance, and shall need it before very long."

Pastor: "Ah, do you expect to leave a charge again soon? Do you think your health is such that you can justly assume in assuming the onerous duties of pastoring? Of course, you ought to be the best judge of your own case, but I fear, your desire to be engaged in the active duties of your calling may lead you to undertake more than you have strength to accomplish. Better wait a little longer than begin too soon and break down a second time."

Unemployed: "I am right well aware of my condition, and have no intention of applying for a charge just yet; but I have a field of labor, in which, in the providence of God I have been placed. It is a field in the literal sense of the term, and a hard one at that. It has all the bad qualities of the field in the parable of the sower: it has its thorns and brambles, its rough, stony ground and its baked wayside soil, while only a small portion of it is adapted to yield an adequate return. I am compelled to cultivate this field, and in doing so, need more help than I am able to command."

Pastor: "You seem to mean that you are engaged in tilling the soil. Well, I would be sincerely glad to assist you even in that, but I really do not see how I can. It is so far out of the line of my calling, and besides, I lack the requisite knowledge and experience."

Unemployed: "It is as far out of the line of my calling as yours, since both of us have the same calling; but, as already said, I am, in the providence of God, placed in that situation, and am compelled to accept it, however uncongenial it may be to my tastes and inclinations. I might, perhaps, have found a less slavish and more lucrative employment, if that had been my chief aim, but, in the choice of an occupation, I felt bound to be ruled by the one consideration, viz.: my restoration to health, and to the active duties of my calling. Meanwhile the question of food and clothing, though secondary to that of duty, requires some thought too. I am weak in body and unaccustomed to physical exertion of the kind required. The soil I have to cultivate is poor, and yields but a scanty return for the labor bestowed. I therefore need some aid; and if you and I are to be neighborly, if the principle, that 'one good turn deserves another,' is to hold between us, then there is no escape for you; you are bound to come over and help me."

Unemployed paused for a reply, but the good Pastor was silent. His friendly countenance had assumed an earnest cast, his head was bowed, and his eyes seemed to be intensely fixed upon a certain stripe in the carpet. At length, starting up as if from a deep reverie, he exclaimed: "Yes, I see, I see! Though an unemployed Minister, you are, nevertheless, a real man, with a body as well as a soul, and of course you cannot live merely by having your traveling expenses paid—that will not buy you a new coat. You are called to assist a Brother: You lose a week's time from your own business, wear out your clothes, your horse, your buggy, while we, who receive the benefit of your ministrations, make all good by paying your traveling expenses. I will come over and help you; or if I cannot come myself, I will send some one in my place." B.

Family Reading.

QUIET LIVES.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the winds crept down so low,
Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round
it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it;
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned
it:
But no foot of man e'er came that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Leafage veining, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day!

THE STORY OF JACOB LARKINS, THE
RECLAIMED GARDENER.

There were only two places in the village where you were sure of finding Jacob Larkins, if you wanted him. Very few people *did* want Jacob for any good purpose; but if it happened any one desired to speak with him, he could be found either inside the public house or just outside, leaning lazily and drearly against the wall, wearily watching the pigeons strutting about the road, or wheeling in the air as some vehicle passed by.

There was, however, one person who was always after Jacob, and that was his wife—his poor, unfortunate, ragged, half-starved wife—who usually came, followed by two or three ill-clad children, with wolfish eyes, dragging at her heels. She was a scold, it is true, but she was not so when she and Jacob were first bound together. His ways made her what she was. He was one of the most notorious men in the village—an habitual drunkard.

Let us pause a moment and dwell upon the words—"an habitual drunkard." How much, and what do they imply? Everything that is base and degraded in man. They mean sloth, dirt, vice, feverish excitement, rabid ravings—agony and misery to the drunkard, wait and shame to those who are nearest and dearest to him. They mean a poor creature who, if he goes on to his grave with his habit in its strength upon him, is lost, body and soul.

I remember first meeting with him. He was an habitual drunkard then, but drink had not quite brought his constitution down. There was a remnant of good looks, and the shadow of a man in him. He was lounging outside the public-house, talking to two well-known idlers, both of whom are gone—one to his grave, and the other to a felon's cell; and I call to mind how I noted the signs of going down the hill upon him. He was laughing, as drunkards laugh, at such a joke I fancy as only drunkards can relish; and while the hollow, unnatural sound was upon his lips, his wife with two children came up.

"Jacob," she said, sharply, "come home, will you?"
"Nay, nay," he replied, "be easy, Martha. A man may get too much of his home. He may rust there."
"Ye'll never rust, Jacob," said one of the men, "while your wife has that tongue to polish you with."

This appeared to be an excellent joke to them, and they all roared with laughter; but the eyes of Martha flashed fire, and taking a child in each hand she dragged them forward.

"You may laugh," she said, speaking rapidly, her tone low with concentrated passion, "but see how much mirth *these* have in their little pinched faces. They have been without bread since yesterday morning, and find it hard to smile. You can grin and chatter, but you must have your drink. Jacob, if you are a man, give me some money to buy your children bread."

"Go and earn some," he said, with drunken ferocity.

"Ay," said the man who had joked before, "go and earn some—if ye be a woman."

"And did I not earn some?" she asked, passionately; "and who crept into the house like a thief and robbed me while I slept?"

"Not me," cried Jacob.

"Oh, yes," she said, shaking her head mournfully; "but you can't make it worse. When we were first married ye were neither a thief nor a liar. Drink has made ye both."

"Fine words," said the man who had not spoken. "I have known a woman knocked down for less."

"Maybe I might be led to do it," said Jacob, with a meaning look.

"Not for the first time," said Martha, who appeared to be half beside herself. "Give him a little more drink and he'll do it."

Larkins, with an oath—so intense in its savageness that it rang in my ears for days—stepped forward with an uplifted fist. I was too far off to interfere, and his two companions would not. She neither moved nor flinched; and, shame to his manhood, he knocked her down.

The deed done, he slouched into the door leading to the tap-room, and his friends, in full enjoyment of this most excellent joke, followed him. I advanced and offered the woman a hand, but she rejected it.

"No," she said, "I want no help; I can bear what I have to bear alone. And I would not say a word or come after him, but for these children here. Who, looking at them, would not do anything?"

They looked pitiful enough, with their wan cheeks covered with tears. I cannot remember having been so moved by any spectacle, and I have seen some sad sights in my wanderings. I gave Martha a few pence to get them bread, and promised to call and see if anything could be done with her husband.

I and many others did our best to reclaim him. We got him employment as assistant gardener at the hall, and implored of him to give up drink. He did so for a short time, but he would sign no pledge nor give his word that he would not touch his bane again.

"I shall break my word," he said; "I cannot keep from it."

In a few days he broke out again, and in a fortnight he was discharged by the squire as an idler and drunkard. From that time, until an event which I shall presently relate, he never got regular work again.

It is a remarkable fact that men who drink to their injury are almost invariably men with talents above the average. Jacob Larkins was a clever man, a thorough good gardener, and at one time was remarkable for his memory. He could remember the Latin name of almost every plant which came under his notice, and yet he had never learnt the Latin language; and in the question of the dates of introduction of various plants into the greenhouse where he worked, and where they came from, he was considered infallible. But all that passed away. Memory, good name, employment and friends, were lost, and from one of the most respectable of men he descended to the position of a well-known, habitual drunkard.

Our first efforts to reclaim him he took well enough, but when we went to him again after his discharge from the hall he was a changed man. Not one word would he hear, nor even permit us to enter his house when he was at home. Often when I met him on the road, staggering back from some drinking bout, he would shake his clenched fists and rail at me like a madman, following me up with shouts of an insulting and derisive character until I was out of hearing.

"They must think they can do as they like with me," he was continually saying. "No; I'm a man. I am an independent man."

He went away once to our market town, but there got mixed up with a street quarrel and was locked up. The magistrate fined him a trivial sum, but, small as it was, he had to send for his wife to pay it. She obtained the money from somewhere, and came over to release him, on one condition, that he come home at once. He went very meekly, having spent all his money, and being rather broken down by his recent potations. But he did not reform.

To what mean shifts will the drunkard descend for drink! When penniless himself, and the children starving at home, Jacob would have perjured his soul for sixpence, but not for the children. What he got went towards his ruin; and it is astonishing what a quantity of money a man, with a soft tongue, can get from one place and another. Larkins, when he liked, could be particularly soft of speech.

He soon became a source of trouble. His habits made him quarrelsome, and he was continually appearing before the rector, who was a magistrate, to be lightly fined and admonished. Not that either one or the other made any impression upon him; his wife paid one, and he was for the time dead to the other.

Whenever a tramp located in the village, he was sure to make friends with Jacob. They were drawn together by the magnetism of mutual degradation and abomination, and he would often spend money with these men when his children were hungry at home. On such occasions he was accustomed to call himself "a good fellow," and to declare his heart, hand and pocket "open to his brother man."

His home I need not describe. It was clean, but that was owing to Martha, who was wont to declare that it gave her no trouble, as "there was so little to do;" and, indeed, there was very little to do. All the furniture worth selling had been disposed of years before.

One day, in the spring of the year before last, two tramps, a man and a

woman, came by the village, and, as usual, Jacob fraternized with them. He happened to have a shilling in his pocket, earned at one of the farm-houses by putting the garden in order, and in the self-styled generosity of his heart he asked his new found-friends to drink; they drank and he drank, until the shilling was gone. Then the man, tall brawny fellow, tanned by a loafing life of many years, asked the woman to give him a shilling. At first she refused, pleading a limited stock of money and the necessity for using it to buy some cheap tin and glass-ware which she was going to hawk about. A threatening look, and the raising of the ever ready drunkard's fist, brought the money out, and for her obstinacy the woman was not allowed to drink.

"It's the only way to serve 'em," said the tramp—"starve 'em, or knock 'em down."

"I do both," said Jacob, with a grin, proud in his cups of his brutality.

"You are a man after my own heart," said the tramp, and they shook hands warmly.

They sat drinking till the evening, when the tramp rose to proceed upon his way, and Jacob, having no more money and nothing to do, proposed to accompany them a few miles upon the road. His offer was accepted, and the two men went forward, followed at a short distance behind by the woman. I saw them start as I was returning from a visit to some of the cottages, and remembered how the form of that woman, with her ragged dress, matted hair, and battered bonnet with a scrap of red ribbon fluttering in the wind, impressed itself upon me. It is as plain to me now as it was then, and I think it must be indelibly photographed upon my brain. Why I took so much notice of her I cannot tell, but I stood watching her until the little bit of red ribbon went fluttering round the bend in the road and was lost to view.

Martha sat up for her husband that night very late. She expected him home, as it was too early in the year for him to sleep in the fields or beside hayricks, as he often did in the warm summer nights, and she knew the public house closed before midnight. But that hour came and he had not returned; then she fell asleep in the chair on which she sat.

Her sleep was broken and her dreams troubled, as might have been expected, for the chair had a broken back, and was furthermore rickety; but she did not awake until the door was opened by her husband.

Starting up, she saw him standing holding on to the latch, with the light of the moon fill upon his face. She expected to find him the worse for drink; but he was sober, as sober as ever he had been in his life; nevertheless, there was an awful look upon his face, more horrible than she had ever seen before.

"Martha," he said hoarsely, "are the children asleep?"

"Yes, Jacob," she replied, "they cried themselves off hours ago."

"Then don't wake 'em," he said; "never let 'em look upon such a brute as I am again."

"What have you done?" she asked, laying a hand upon his arm; "what is it, Jacob?"

"I have done nothing," he replied, shaking all over; "but I stood by and saw it done—SHE IS DEAD!"

"She—who?" Martha knew nothing of the tramps, and was beginning to think drink had driven him mad at last.

"The tramping woman," he said. "I met 'em at the 'public'—a man and a woman—and she's dead. I might have stopped it. Good-bye, Martha, I'm going to end my wretched life."

"Stop!" she shrieked. "Think of the awful sin you contemplate. Jacob, you shall not go. Help! help!"

He struggled with her, but the shrieks she sent forth were heard up and down the road, and soon a number of people came up, wondering what was the matter, the prevailing thought being that Jacob was murdering his wife. When they saw him endeavoring to shake her off, they were more than puzzled.

"Hold him!" she cried—"hold him; let him not die in his sins, and by his own hand. Oh, Jacob! my husband, hear me."

"I hear ye," he said. "I am quiet now, and shall not do anything. Stand by, neighbors, I've a story to tell you. There's a murder been committed to-night, and I've stood by and seen it done."

A murmur of horror ran round the throng of listeners. It died away without a distinct word being spoken, and Jacob, with his wild face moving to and fro, went on:

"It was not murder, some will say, and I don't think he meant to kill her; but he wanted money for drink. It was the last chance we had for a drop to-night, and he asked her for a sixpence. She refused and ran on. We followed, but it was half an hour ere we overtook her on the top of Lestone Hill. She could

have gone on and laughed at us, but she chose to stop, because, as she said, the houses were shut, and there was no more drink to be had. The man rushed up to her and took her by the throat. 'Jack,' she said, 'will you murder me?' 'Yes,' he said, and I hear the word now. Then he struck her once, twice, again, and again, and she fell. 'It must be done,' he said, 'or they will never obey you. I'll have every penny, and spend the lot to-morrow.'

"He stooped down," continued Jacob after a pause, "and put his hand upon her bosom, where she kept her little store of money tied up in a bag, but he never touched a coin. That bosom was growing cold, and although he was as drunk as I was, he knew she would never speak to him again. I saw him rise up and toss his arms. 'I've killed her!' he said; and then he ran down the hill, still tossing his arms, leaving me alone with the dead. I went up to her and looked upon her face. Ah! death was there, I could see, and I, too, ran home. Neighbors, I am here. You can charge me with the murder if you like, for I stood by and made no attempt to save her."

A scene of wild confusion ensued. Men and women all talked at once, each suggesting something which they thought ought to be done; but in the midst of many voices, the voice of Jacob Larkins was heard saying:

"It was the drink did it; and I might have killed you, my wife," and then he drew her to his breast and held her there. He looked like a man who has unconsciously been walking on a precipice, and who has been suddenly awakened to the perilous nature of his position.

His story was true. The poor woman was dead, and the tramp was finally arrested. He was charged with murder, but convicted of manslaughter, and sent to prison for fifteen years. Jacob Larkins gave evidence against him, and it was said by many that, for his looks, he too might have been in the dock. His thoughts as he left the box, with his eyes upon the prisoner, might have been framed into the same shape as those of John Bunyan, "But for the grace of God there stands Jacob Larkins;" and when he returned home he passed the rest of the day in penitence and prayer. He came to the only sure source for strength. His Bible was diligently read, God's house was regularly attended, and under a faithful ministry he became a sincere believer in our Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

He was now, I need scarcely say, a drunkard no more—nay, he did not even touch strong drink; nor can he think of it, so he says, to this day without loathing. A changed man, he now toils steadily and honestly, and the sun of worldly prosperity is shining upon him.

He has now a happy home, a smiling wife, and five healthy children. The neat appearance of the latter often calls forth the admiration of the neighbors! The remembrance of Jacob's former life will, at times, intrude itself, but, by God's mercy, this helps to drive him to the throne of grace for renewed spiritual power; and God is ever faithful to His promise—"I will NEVER leave thee nor forsake thee."

While Jacob's life inspires hope for the most hopeless, yet it sounds a most solemn warning cry, especially to young men—"Touch not, taste not" that which is bringing ruin and desolation to tens of thousands of homes.—*Pres. Journal.*

TRANSPLANTED.

The gardener came into his garden,
It was very fair to see,
And his Lord walked slowly beside him,
Looking at shrub and tree;

Through borders of odorous roses,
Through lily-beds, purple and white,
By thickets enkindled with crimson,
And arbors that prisoned the light,

Till they came to a tender flower,
A frail but a beautiful thing,
That drooped its snow-white petals,
Like a bird with a broken wing.

"I think," said the gardener, clasping
The plant with a gentle hand,
"This flower is much too tender
For the winds of this lower land."

"I marvel if even with shelter
'Twill thrive in this coarser earth,
Where cold dews fall upon it—
'Tis a flower of priceless worth."

Now his Lord had another garden,
Its gat a sere of pearl and gold;
And its slopes were nearer heaven
Than this land with breezes cold.

There, never the sun gave languor,
There never the east wind blew,
And the provident care of the Master's hand
Was tender as sun or dew.

His Lord looked down on the flower,
And his heart went out to its need;
"Tis just the plant for my garden,
A plant of celestial seed."

The gardener loosened the fibres,
Raised the plant for the Lord to see;
Then the gracious Master said with a smile,
"Give the little flower to me."

And into the gates that were golden,
And over the fadeless plain,
And close by the flowery River of Life,
He planted the flower again.

And there in a deathless splendor,
It blooms and brightens to-day;
And there in an endless, marvelous light,
It will bloom and brighten alway.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The necessary union of prayer and work is well illustrated by an anecdote of Dr. Macleod. He was on a highland loch one day, when a serious storm arose. He was a large powerful man, but his companion was very diminutive. The danger was so imminent that the good doctor proposed that they should all engage in prayer. The chief boatman, who was tugging with all his might, replied: "Well, well, let the little ane gang to pray, but the big ane maun tak' an oar."

Useful Hints and Recipes.

A RELISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Take two-fourth pound fresh cheese, cut it in thin slices, put it in a frying-pan, turning over it a large cupful sweet milk; add one fourth teaspoonful dry mustard, a pinch of salt and pepper and a piece of butter the size of a butternut; stir the mixture all the time. Roll three Boston crackers very fine, and sprinkle it gradually, then turn at once into a warm dish; to be sent to table immediately.

BATTER AND APPLES.—Pare and core six apples, and stew them for a short time with a little sugar; make a batter in the usual way, beat in the apples, and pour the pudding into a buttered pie dish. The pudding, when properly done, should rise up quite light, with the apples on top. To be eaten at table with butter and moist sugar.—*An English Woman, in Germantown Telegraph.*

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.—"A place for everything, and everything in its place," is rather a hackneyed saying, but, after all, it perfectly describes the domain of a good housekeeper. As much attention should be given to the kitchen as any other part of the house; a busy housewife spends a large amount of her time in that room, and she should strive to render it a pleasure, and not a dread, to enter it. A great convenience in a kitchen is a roomy wall-pocket. It may be made very nicely of common brown cardboard, bound with scarlet braid, having three pockets—a large one at the bottom, and two smaller ones above. In the larger one may be put dusters, towels, etc.; in the others string, rag for cuts, and other small articles. Another convenience, is a bag for dirty towels and dusters, which may hang in a closet in the kitchen. It saves much time and labor on a washing-day. Always have a match-safe and scraper in the kitchen. It saves much disfigurement of the walls. Get your tinman to make you tin boxes, with tight-fitting lids, to hold yeast cakes, tea, coffee, and spices. They preserve the flavor. A large apron, made of oilcloth and bound with braid, is useful when washing clothes or dishes. Squares of zinc or tin are useful in the kitchen for standing saucepans on. If you are without ice in the summer, keep drinking water in unglazed earthenware jars or pitchers. The evaporation and condensation on the outside of the jar will keep its contents cold.

SELECTING MEATS.—In selecting beef to roast, if it be for a small family, the rib is by far the best and most tender; have some of the bone removed, then make your butcher skewer the beef. The best beefsteak for broiling is porter-house. The best beef for a *la mode* is the round; have the bone removed and trim off all the gristle. For corned beef the round is also the best. For a mutton roast choose the shoulder, the saddle, or the loin and haunch. The leg should be boiled. Small rib chops are best for broiling; those cut from the leg are generally tough. Mutton cutlets to bake are taken from the neck. For roast veal the loin, breast or shoulder is good. Veal chops are best for frying; cutlets are apt to be tough. In selecting beef, take that which has a loose grain, easily yielding to pressure, of a dark red color, smooth, with whitish fat; if the lean is purplish and the fat is yellow it is poor beef. Grass fed is the lightest, ex best, and next the heifer. Perhaps the nicest mutton roast is a leg, the bone taken out, and the cavity stuffed with forced meat. The finest roast beef is (for three) about two and a half or three pounds of porter-house. Sirloin ranks next. A rump roast is very nice. In chops, we think that from the hind leg of mutton best, unless you can get a meaty sirloin. The same in pork; about one and a quarter to one and a half pounds is sufficient; beefsteak about the same quantity. Porter-house is cheaper than sirloin, having less bone. Rump, steak, and round, if well pounded to make them tender, have the best flavor.—*Exchange.*

Miscellaneous.

THE END.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, forever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
Complex though they be,
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul.
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,
Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and fancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light; }
Through the dark are low winds complaining,
Yet the sunrise glids the height;
And Love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And Time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

Tinsley's Magazine.

MORE ABOUT THE PLAGUE.

The plague which is causing such a sensation in Eastern Europe at present was first heard of from Astrakhan on the 3d ult., when it was reported that of 195 cases on the first two days of the year 143 had proved fatal, a rate of mortality sufficient to exclude the idea that the disease was typhus. It had shown itself previously, and the occasion of the sudden extension was a thaw. Its first appearance was in the Cossack village of Vetlianka, soon after the return of two Cossack regiments from the war in Asia Minor. Typhus had prevailed among the men, but their clothing and effects had been fumigated—probably imperfectly—and to this the disease was traced, being announced as typhus. Sickness began to prevail toward the close of November; in the second week of December the daily mortality in a village of 600 souls was three per cent.; then panic seized the people, who would neither succor the sick nor bury the dead, and they fled, carrying the infection and terror with them. Even when it became clear that the disease was not the typhus, but the plague, the Russian authorities were remiss in checking it and preparing for it. This remissness is the more inexcusable, apart from the question of international obligations, because of the peculiar disadvantageous circumstances under which Russia finds herself—with a population never notable for its observance of sanitary laws, and at present enfeebled by the hardships consequent upon war and partial famine, and with an extremely limited body of medical men, which the war has greatly depleted. The disease has spread along the course of the Volga toward the north and west, till now it threatens Moscow and Europe generally. Expert physicians declare it to be the plague, and the symptoms which are described—"headache, accompanied by fever and swelling of the glands"—are those of the plague. The true plague, according to McCready, "is a contagious fever characterized by an eruption of carbuncles and buboes," and it is added that cases in which these glandular swellings appear are "attended with a higher grade of fever, and with profounder depression of the vital forces; headache, restlessness, chills and vertigo are commonly present," etc. Morbid anatomy hitherto has added nothing to the knowledge of the disease, of which a majority of the patients die in severe epidemics, convalescence being tedious in the event of recovery. Of the treatment, all that can be said is that local applications have to be made to the eruptions; the patient's strength should be supported, and the most favorable hygienic conditions possible be established—the rest is with nature.

The last appearance of the plague in Europe was in 1844, and thereafter till 1858 it was not recognized as existing. Since the latter year it has been occurring at intervals in the form of scattered local epidemics in various parts of Persia and Arabia. Three years ago Mr. Netten Radcliffe called the special attention of the English Society of Medical Officers of Health to the threatening nature of these epidemics and the high probability that the disease, if it should assume an active character of diffusiveness, would penetrate not only into Europe but also to Great Britain, the seats of the disease being in close and constant com-

munication with Russia by land and the Mediterranean ports by sea. There seems little reason to doubt that the plague has gradually assumed an increasing degree of virulence and of infectivity, and that the outbreaks in Astrakhan and the adjoining provinces are links in a chain of continued progress toward the west. Less than two years ago the plague visited Resht, a Persian town at the southwestern angle of the Caspian, which in 1832 was smitten by the pestilence, 20,000 of its 40,000 inhabitants falling victims in a few weeks, and the city being reduced during the panic to the condition of a "charnel-house, a city of the dead; no living creature was to be seen in it, and those who had been abandoned by their friends died of sheer want." Resht was invaded in 1877 from two Persian villages at the southeast angle of the Caspian; the plague has now stepped from the southwest up to Astrakhan, at the northwest corner.

The opinion of a recent English writer was that it was by no means unlikely that the contagion would overstep the barriers erected by the Russian authorities. It is too subtle, and the possibilities of evading quarantine are too numerous to allow much to be hoped for from official precautions, and even the cordons of troops drawn around the infected districts to stop fugitives have every prospect of becoming fresh centres from which the disease may be distributed. An absolute and complete quarantine, which would certainly arrest the plague, is hardly to be established, especially in these times of the increased complexity of human intercourse. Still, though the disease is as formidable as it was two centuries ago, when it last visited England, it is confidently asserted that the provisions of the British sanitary laws and the powers of the local authorities to deal with epidemics would be found sufficient to confine and localize any case that might occur and render them merely pathological curiosities. London at the time of the Great Plague was inconceivably filthy, and there was no organization for the isolation of sufferers from infectious maladies and for the prompt suppression of epidemics.

The plagues recorded in history are almost numberless, and in many instances their ravages, though truthfully set down, seem incredible. Before the great plague of 542 many disastrous epidemics had been noticed. The first general plague which visited all parts of the then known world broke out in 767 B. C. In 534 B. C. Carthage was so sorely smitten that women sacrificed their children to appease the angry deities; in 461 there died at Rome and its environs 100,000 people. Thucydides has graphically depicted the plague which visited Athens B. C. 430, laying waste also Egypt and Ethiopia. Pliny records a pestilence in the Archipelago, Egypt and Syria in 188 B. C., which swept off 2,000 persons a day during its continuance. Rome thereafter was repeatedly scourged. A. D. 80 10,000 persons are said to have died daily during the pestilence; another plague swept through the Empire in 167-9; still another in 189, while between 250 and 265 many towns were depopulated and many provinces ravaged, the daily mortality at the capital being 5,000. The great plague of 542-5 began in Egypt and Asia Minor, swept over Syria, Persia and India, laid waste the north of Africa and in Europe devastated Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire, Italy and France. It began at Alexandria, whose inhabitants, according to Paulus Diaconus, "brought this terrible judgment upon themselves and their innocent neighbors" by their reckless gluttony, bringing on "yearly fevers and dangerous indigestions." In 542 Alexandria is said to have lost 500,000 of her people by this scourge, and for miles around the city the fields were covered with unburied corpses. For three months from 5,000 to 10,000 deaths occurred daily at Constantinople; whole provinces were abandoned and cities died out, to remain vacant for many years. From 75,000,000 to 120,000,000 of victims are said to have perished in the three continents. But, though Egypt, Syria and Persia were scourged, Arabia and the Caucasus escaped; and while Northern Italy suffered severely, but a few seaports in Albania, Morocco and Sicily were affected.

Just two centuries later, Byzantium and the neighboring coasts were sorely visited, but the next great general pestilence was that at the middle of the fourteenth century. According to the Chinese, the pestilence broke out there about 1333, following great earthquakes and floods, with their usual attendants, failure of crops and famine. Ere it reached Europe, this pestilence is said to have destroyed 13,000,000 people in China and nearly twice as many in Eastern Asia and Northern Africa. It visited every part of Europe, from Spain and Italy to Scotland and Russia. This was the terrible "black death." Boccaccio's "Decameron" recalls its ravages in Florence in 1348. Half the population of

Italy are said to have died of it. In London there were 200 burials daily in the Charter House yard. The Jews were massacred by wholesale, the popular rage turning on them as the supposed authors of the pestilence. No accusation was too monstrous to be believed of them. They were charged with poisoning the streams and wells, and many of them even slew themselves to escape the hideous tortures prepared for them. Bands of flagellants and other fanatics went from town to town, lashing and torturing themselves to expiate the sins of the people—and spreading the infection. The terror-stricken wealthy enriched the monasteries with offerings of gold, which they were obliged to cast over the walls and through locked gates. People went to sea to escape the pestilence, and ships filled with the dead and the dying were cast upon distant strands, there to communicate the contagion. Men took refuge in forests and caves, only to find death there awaiting them. In the epidemic of 1373-5 four million people are said to have died in the Byzantine Empire, Russia, Germany, France, Italy and Northern Spain, but as the earlier scourge had spared the Mohammedan countries, where the inhabitants were more temperate and cleanly, so it was observed that this pestilence respected the monasteries of the stricter orders and spared the frugal peasants dwelling in the open fields of Calabria and Sicily. In 1611 nearly a quarter of a million of people died of the plague at Constantinople, and in 1656 a Sardinian transport laden with troops carried the disease to the fertile regions of Naples, where, in six months, 400,000 of the inhabitants were swept away. A ship from the Levant brought the plague to Marseilles in 1720, when 52,000 of the 75,000 residents perished in five weeks, among them the heroic Bishop Belzunce, who had received at Paris this message from the stricken city: "We are dying; come home and die with us," and paying a courtly compliment to the *grande dame* he was visiting, the brave bishop bade her *au revoir*, and in an hour was posting southward, day and night, to comfort his people and—to die. It is not pleasant to have to say that the people of Marseilles threatened a riot a few weeks ago, when it was proposed to pay honor to his statue. Yet, though 70 per cent. of the population died, in the suburbs of the Catalans, inhabited by the abstemious Spaniards, only 200 out of 6,000 perished. The later plagues in Europe and the Orient were those of 1760, in Syria, which was very malignant; of 1771-2, in Moscow; of 1773, in Persia, when 80,000 souls died at Bassora; of 1792, in Egypt—800,000 deaths; of 1799, in the North of Africa, when 3,000 persons are said to have perished daily in Barbary; of 1804-5, in the South of Spain, and of 1815-16, at Naples.

Before 1665 the plague, according to Sydenham, visited England about once in a generation. In 430 the living in Britain, were not able to bury the dead, and several pestilences are recorded previous to that of 1111, which extended to cattle and fowls. The plague drove Henry II. from Ireland in 1172, and swept away a prodigious number of the starving and shelterless Irish in 1204. London was visited again in 1348, 1362 and 1367—the year of the "Black Death"—and Ireland was scourged in 1370 and 1383. In 1407 London lost 30,000 residents; in 1466 and 1470 a pestilence following a time of sore famine, ravaged Ireland and Dublin terribly. Next year the pest visited Oxford, and in 1478 destroyed more people than the continued wars for the fifteen years preceding. In 1499-1500 the plague drove Henry VII. and his Court over to Calais. Leaving out of the list the five epidemics of the strange and fearful "sweating sickness" (which was mortal in three hours), between 1475 and 1551, we notice the visit of the plague to Limerick in 1552, and to London in 1603-4, when 30,578 people died, and again in 1625, when 35,427 persons perished. With the Great Plague of 1664-5 most readers are familiar through the story of De Foe, which, as most of them doubtless also know, is not the tale of an eye-witness. In this visitation 68,597 persons died; fires were kept burning day and night to purify the air, and it was thought that the infection was never effectually destroyed till the great fire of 1666.

GOTHIC ART AND DEAD ITALIAN CITIES.

To any one who would study Italian Gothic at its very best epoch, we would recommend a visit to these dead cities of Siena, Lucca, and Pisa. He will see clean, well-built, and apparently prosperous towns, not decayed, but dead, or rather fallen asleep. It is as in the old fable of the enchanted castle, where all stood still for centuries, while the spell lay on the sleepers within. The seneschal at the gate, and the lady in her

bower, and the wench in the kitchen all turned to stone when the enchanter's wand was raised. Such is the appearance which these cities present. It would scarcely tax the imagination to suppose a masquerade in these streets or tournament in these market-squares. The women still draw water from wells, or go to the fountain, pitcher on head, as centuries ago. There are the same old walls and ditches, now dried up; the same fortress-like houses, with great projecting roofs. Change has dealt so gently with these old Italian towns that the modern spirit has not dared to enter its walls. The very railway sets you down a few hundred yards outside the gate, and you enter the town through an old archway, that frowns down on the hotel omnibus as if it contained a sacrilegious load of modern excursionists. Once we pass this archway, and thread our way down the cool colonnades which line the street on each side, and look in at the dim grotto-like retreats which serve for shops, the illusion is complete, and we seem to be transported back not a century or two only, but across the millennium. What Byron wrote of Venice is true of other dead cities of Italy as well:

"A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times."

—London Christian World.

Selections.

More pains is taken to appear good, or make vice pass for its opposite, than is required to be really virtuous.

It is one thing to be familiar with a saint, and another to be in fellowship with God; saints may be separated from their companions, but God will not cast away His suppliants.

Heart-work must be God's work. Only the great heart-maker can be the great heart-breaker. If I love Him, my heart will be filled with His Spirit and obedient to His commands.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand;

Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!
Spare not the stroke! do with us as Thou wilt!

Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;

Complete Thy purpose that we may become
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord!

—Boar.

Science and Art.

Count Mocenigo has, according to *La Nature*, been applying the microphone to detect earthquake vibrations in the ground. The microphone has more recently been applied by M. Rossi at the Solfatara de Pozzuoli, when the internal workings of Vesuvius were heard with terrible distinctness.

WATER PIPES IN FROSTY WEATHER.—A correspondent of *The English Mechanic* gives a simple method of preventing the bursting of water pipes by frost where the house is supplied from a cistern. It is to put a plug in the main pipe at the bottom of the cistern, turn all the taps and empty the pipes. The plug is made of wood, turned tapering, and with a hole up the centre. It should be fixed in a piece of inch iron gaspipe, long enough to be above the level of the water in the cistern when full. The air can thereby get behind the water. When likely to freeze hard during the night, insert the plug. There is no difficulty in withdrawing the plug in the morning, as only the surface of the water in the cistern would be frozen.

AN IMPROVED MORTAR.—Some time since the use of sawdust in mortar was recommended as superior even to hair for the prevention of cracking and subsequent peeling off of rough casing under the action of storms and frost. Some one of the name of Siehr says that his own house, exposed to prolonged storms on the seacoast, had pieces of mortar to be renewed each spring; and after trying, without effect, a number of substances to prevent it, he found sawdust perfectly satisfactory. It was first thoroughly dried, and sifted through an ordinary grain sieve, to remove the larger particles. The mortar was made by mixing one part of cement, two of lime, two of sawdust, and five of sharp sand, the sawdust being first well mixed dry with the cement and sand.

POISONED ARROWS.—The poisoned spears and arrows of the Samoa islanders were described in a paper by the Rev. T. Powell, lately presented to the Linnæan Society of London. The fact that Commander Goodenough of the British Navy was killed with these weapons in 1875 has drawn particular attention to them. The points are made of human bones. The poison with which they are tipped is first prepared as a fluid, and consists of the milky exudations and other products of various trees, mingled with a substance which is obtained from wasps' nests and the liquid yielded by decaying sea cucumbers. After the application of the poison, the arrows are smoked dry in a kiln. Mr. Powell obtained this information from the son of a Samoan chief, but has not been able to determine the trees from which the principal components are derived. Convulsions and symptoms like those of lockjaw are produced by wounds from these poisoned weapons.

HOW MRS WALTON DEADENS NOISES.—Mrs. Mary E. Walton, who invented the sand-box device for deadening the noise on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway, had the principle suggested to her by the method adopted by her father, who stopped the clangor of a blacksmith shop by setting the anvils in boxes filled with sand. Mrs. Walton experimented

in her cellar with two bars of railroad iron three or four feet long, laid across two barrel heads, applying the deadening sand-box and striking with a hammer until the result sought for was obtained. The negotiations for the application of the patent to the Metropolitan Railway were all through Mr. Beard, who operated individually, and purchased the invention. By the terms between him and Mrs. Walton, he pays the expense of procuring a patent and defending a notice of interference, which it became necessary to file, as another person had filed a caveat claiming the invention. Further clauses of agreement are that Mr. Beard was to pay Mrs. Walton \$1,000 in cash on signing the contract, \$1,000 on the issuing of the patent, and \$1,000 after one mile is laid on the Metropolitan Railway; that Mrs. Walton is to receive one-half of any and all royalties paid by other roads or persons for the use of the patent, the amount of the royalties to be fixed by Mrs. Walton, subject to the approval of Mr. Beard. The invention was first tested on four blocks of the road, on the up-town track from Thirtieth to Thirty-fourth street, and gave very satisfactory results.

Personal.

John B. Gough is ill at London with bronchitis.

President MacMahon pardoned 1,800 Communists.

Susan B. Anthony has been brave enough to tell the members of the New York Legislature, that she made her first appearance before that body some thirty years ago, when most of those who now heard her were at school.

Some of the English ministers are expressing themselves very decidedly in respect to the war in Afghanistan. The Rev. Paxton Hood, in a recent sermon at Manchester, on "The Last Great Blunder of Lord Beaconsfield," said he had heard some remonstrances respecting the subject of his sermon, and he missed some faces that night. Possibly some pews might be given up; but standing by Christ's gospel and Christ's doctrine, he felt bound to denounce the expected war in the name of Christianity and humanity.

Leon Lewis, a story writer for Bonner's *Ledger*, and other periodicals, lost his wife a year ago, and this winter started a paper at Penn Yan, N. Y., called the *Mystery*. It was modeled after the *Ledger*, and in the first number Lewis eulogizes his wife and printed the first chapter of a story purporting to be dictated by her spirit, with which the editor claimed to be in constant companionship. The second number of the *Mystery* never appeared. Lewis had in the meantime slipped off to Europe with his dead wife's niece of sixteen years, taking \$20,000 along, and leaving his creditors \$30,000 behind.

A correspondent in Rome writes as follows respecting the energy displayed by Pope Leo XIII.: "The Pope is a hard worker, and labors incessantly. His admirable letters are all written by himself, and he devotes many hours of the night to solitary study. It is his custom to dismiss his chamberlain a little after 10 P. M., and to sit down to his writing table. In the morning he rises early, dresses himself, and summons his chaplain to assist at mass. One morning recently, at 7 A. M., the chamberlain-in-waiting, perceiving the usual hour to be past for the ringing of the Pope's bell, knocked lightly at the chamber door, and, getting no answer, he entered the room of the Pontiff, whom he found sitting at his table, with his head supported on his arm, and sound asleep. The candles were still burning. His Holiness, when writing, had been overcome with sleep, and had not been in bed all that night."

Books and Periodicals.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF GERMANY. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Very fully illustrated. Price \$1.50. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

We welcome the set of Histories of which this is the initial volume. Since Dickens' *Child's History of England*, nothing so tempting has been offered to our young folks, and we predict that these volumes will displace the stories of fictitious and improbable adventures now found on many a boy's bookshelf. Miss Yonge, while always boldly and continuously outlining the course of historical events, has the knack of seizing upon incidents which reveal the true character of historical personages; thus she makes her narrative very pleasing, especially to a young reader. Indeed her History of Germany ought to satisfy the most ardent lover of adventure, for its pages are crowded with soldiers, knights and heroes, baby kings, little girl queens, and boy emperors. German History, dating back before Christ, abounds with wonderful mythology, romantic exploits, and swift, bold deeds; and Miss Yonge begins with the giants of Valhalla and comes on down through the noisy days of Wallenstein into our own times to Bismarck who, perhaps, is quite as mighty a man as the boldest of the old Captains.

The book, besides assisting one to understand the whys and wherefores of the present geography of Europe, and giving an insight into modern European politics, has also an abundance of pictures which affords a good idea of German costumes and customs in the early ages.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH. —In the opening paper of this number Byron A. Brooks furnishes under the title "The Island World of the Pacific," a graphic description of these secluded portions of the globe, with special reference to the changes which have been wrought through the labors of Christian missionaries. Harlan L. Stanny contributes a biographical sketch of Jeanne d'Albret, and her heroic son, Henry of Navarre, including a glance at the massacre of St. Bartholomew's. The life of "Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans," by Alfred H. Guernsey, narrates the true history of this remarkable woman, based upon wholly trustworthy authorities. In the department of fiction the *pieces de resistance* is still "David Fleming's Forgiveness," which fully sustains its interest. Among the shortest stories are "Thirteen Hundred Years Ago," by Mrs. J. J. Hussey, and "Andrew Fordham's Second Thought," by Frances E. Wadleigh. This number is especially rich in original poems. Among these are "All Goeth but God's Will," by Nellie C. Hastings; "Two Judges," by Rev. Anson G. Chester; "One Year," by Augusta Browne Garrett; and "M. Corbeau's School," a quaint adaptation from the French of Charles Maselle, by John M. Richardson. "The Calendar of the Prayer Book, commenced in the January Number and to be continued through each succeeding month of the year, will contain a full account of all the feasts and fasts recognized by the Anglican or American branches of the Episcopal Church. The miscellaneous departments of the Magazine contain many papers upon Natural History, and Manners and Customs, all profusely illustrated. In the Home Pulpit the Editor treats of "Mystery," and in the "Popular Exegesis" he gives an entirely new view of that extremely difficult passage of Scripture which tells how the forty-two boys of Jericho were assailed by the two she-bears. He also discourses, in "The Por-folly" upon several topics of current interest.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1879.

SENSATIONAL PREACHERS.

Whatever else Mr. Talmage may be doing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, he is certainly succeeding in making himself prominent as a first-class sensationalist. His discourses abound in sharp epigrammatic sentences, but he is so boastful, boisterous and demagoguish that the force of every thing he says seems to be neutralized. He has so violated all sense of propriety, that the Presbytery to which he is amenable, has felt itself bound to call him to an account, but it is more likely that he will break off into independency than listen to the counsel of his brethren, whose judgment would go for something with a man of ordinary Christian humility and modesty.

Mr. Talmage is bent on raising an uproar, and he pleads the action of Paul at Ephesus, as a precedent; but people of good sense will see a remarkable difference between the two men and the two cases. The Brooklyn preacher's astounding display, will be apt to be all uproar, and nothing else. For we doubt whether, with all his loud talk, he is doing as much to raise humanity by the power of the gospel, as the humblest minister of Christ, who is quietly pursuing his work unnoticed by the world, because hidden behind the Master. Take away the desire for personal notoriety which may only half consciously actuate a man, but which is always an element of weakness, and in nine cases out of ten, the difference of motive would change the mode of those who wish to do such extraordinary things in an extraordinary manner.

To say nothing of the doubtful expediency of Mr. Talmage's plan of going to the bad place to find out if there is an evil spirit, we doubt very much whether the Brooklyn preacher's observations are worth much. If he goes there, led by noted elders of the church, and guarded by policemen, he probably sees only so much as the proprietors of dens of infamy wish him to see, and the unwashed urchin will put his tongue in his cheek, and wink as the committee of inspection goes out. Nothing has been done, that the accompanying officer of the law should not bring before the criminal courts, unless there has been an understanding that that would not be creditable to all parties concerned. This going into low saloons and brothels, does not amount to much as an evidence against vice, the details of which, even if witnessed, would be unfit for pulpit recital, and the whole movement bears upon its face simply this, that it was done to attract attention and afford a topic for exciting discourse.

Since writing the above our attention has been attracted by the following from the *North American Review*. It is a warning to young preachers who think only of popularity. The picture of one is thus drawn:

"He is apt to think more of saying a 'smart,' a 'telling,' or a 'taking' thing than of communicating the truth. In this way he uses extravagant epithets, gives exaggerated descriptions and magnifies or distorts features for the sake of effect. Even so noble a man as Thomas Guthrie once said, in regard to the preparation of a sermon: 'It is like the drop-scene in a theatre, and you must lay on the color thick.' But with all deference to such an authority, that advice is exceedingly pernicious. For he who consciously exaggerates does at the same time blunt the edge of his conscience. Every time he deviates from or adds to the real state of the case he makes himself a worse man. Truth is the girle of character, and he who loosens that is on the way to looseness in other departments of morality. He is on an inclined plane, and may some day produce the biggest sensation of his life by a terrible fiasco.

For the temptation is to go on. His hearers become accustomed to the dose, the appetite 'grows by what it feeds on,' and, in order to have the effects which were at first produced, they crave for something stronger. He seeks to meet that new demand just as he sought to meet the first, and so it increases until the flippant has become the irreverent, and the irreverent has become the profane, and the profane becomes the impure; or until the odd has become the heretical, and the man who began by throwing aside conventionalities ends by parting with the central verities of the Gospel. We do not affirm that all this has actually happened in any individual case, but the drift and tendency of sensationalism are in that direction; and, in a day when some who are guilty of it are riding on the top of the wave, it is proper to warn young preachers of the peril that is incurred by entering on such a course."

RAISING THE FUNDS.

We see floating around, as an item, the boast of some minister that he raised between two and three hundred dollars by means of cards, which he gave to his Sunday School scholars, who, armed in this way, were sent around to solicit contributions from every person whom they chanced to meet. That may all sound very well, and show up the spirit of modern Christian enterprise, but the morality of the whole affair will not stand the test of sound criticism. It is the custom of some churches, who boast of the amount of money they raise, for congregational or general benevolent purposes, to resort to such expedients and then claim credit for all that is given. They are nearly always before the community with a "fair," or popular entertainment, some of them of questionable character, the proceeds of which, however, are to be devoted to paying a church debt, or sending money to the heathen; or, after that mine has been exhausted, they send out their little beggars to pick up crumbs, which ought to be supplied by those, who make so much ado about their liberality. It is wonderful how cheeky these young ecclesiastical mendicants become; but the whole influence is demoralizing.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The history of Philadelphia, during the last few months, has been marked by the number of deaths occurring amongst her prominent citizens. Some of the deceased were conspicuous, not only for their civic record, but for their Christian character, and they will be missed as much in the Church as in the State. One thing we have noticed in regard to them, is, that while there has not been wanting at other times and in other ways, such tributes as their worth merited, no words of panegyric were spoken, when the great and the good stood around their biers. In most cases, the simple offices for the burial of the dead were used, and then their outward forms were laid away in the hope of the resurrection of the just. And this better way, we observe, is coming to prevail among thinking people every where. It does not obtain simply among those, who have a regular Church-service for such occasions, but among those also who must make one suited to the purpose. Lately at the burial of a distinguished Presbyterian pastor, it was remarkable how comparatively little was said, and how his brethren, who had labored with him longest and loved him best, were disposed to bow in silent faith and hope before the mystery, and let the occasion speak for itself. Even where the official relations of the deceased to a congregation seemed to demand something more, the simple reading of such portions of Scripture as told of the frailty of man, and the hope in Christ beyond the grave, together with a hymn and prayer, were thought to be the most fitting service that could be used. And this is about the conclusion that ministers, of the largest experience, in all denominations, are coming to.

Without doubt, in many cases, funeral occasions afford good opportunities for exhortation and comfort, and even for the commendation of those, who have been faithful to Christ, but every one knows the embarrassments which have grown out of the universal custom of preaching sermons and making addresses,

over the dead. Ministers of the gospel are put to strange tests when asked to discourse upon the character of those, whose lives have not been what they should have been. It is hard to be candid, and even when there is no unnecessary harrowing up of the feelings of the living, a more charitable silence on vital points, is construed into an implication and an offence.

It would be almost impossible to break up the well nigh universal practice of preaching funeral sermons. We would not like to say, that the entire abolition of the custom would be desirable. Commemorative discourses often have historical value, and what is said of departed friends, may do good in other ways, but there is certainly a call for some modification, and the way to commence the reform, is, to omit all remarks over the remains of those so deserving of eulogy, as men look at it, that the omission could not be set down as a want of appreciation of the character of the person. This will be rendered more easy because it may, almost be taken for granted, that the families of intelligent and exemplary Christians will feel, that no praise is needed, and acquiesce in the fact, that the times of bereavement by death, are the very times when most hope and comfort are gained by hiding every person and everything behind Him who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification.

A custom, which entailed a long unnecessary walk on the pastors of a town, after the funeral services were over, was broken up, by a simple resolution on the part of the ministers, that the demand made upon them was unreasonable and ought to be discontinued; but they commenced the reform, at the burial of a person, whose social position was such, that their action could not be construed into disrespect. After that, when a poor widow's child was carried from the back street to the grave, she did not feel slighted, because all the clergy of the place did not return to her house with her. We are sure that if some of the abuses, of which we have heard a great deal of late, as prevailing at funerals, are to be corrected, it must be by the voluntary relinquishment of many things on the part of those, whose character and circumstances will enable them to forego them. If Christians of wealth indulge in extravagance at the burial of their dead, those who can but poorly afford it, will follow the example; for then it is, that wounded hearts are most sensitive, and will make any sacrifice rather than seem deficient in regard for those who have been taken from them.

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

The bill introduced to Congress by Senator Burnside, of Rhode Island, for improving the system of education in the District of Columbia, is certainly a very remarkable one, and is causing a great deal of merriment. Under the plea of providing for "distinction in the elements of social and moral science," it enumerates the following things, the principles of which are to be instilled into the minds of the youth of the national capital: "Industry, order, economy, punctuality, patience, self-denial, health, purity, temperance, cleanliness, honesty, truth, justice, politeness, peace, fidelity, philanthropy, patriotism, self-respect, hope, self-reliance, gratitude, pity, mercy, kindness, conscience, reflection and the will."

The descriptive catalogue is certainly long enough, and if all the virtues mentioned were reduced to practice, Washington would become one of the best places in the world. The significance of the bill is well set forth by an editorial in the *Record*, which says, in speaking of it: "We pointed out, not long since, that the drift of affairs has been in the direction of substituting the work of the secular and Sunday schools for the influence of the home circle on the minds and morals of the youth, and in this lame and impotent conclusion of Senator Burnside, we have the climax of absurdity. The proposition would have a logical sequence in the doctrine of Socialism, which provides for the assumption on the part of the State of the entire work of raising children from infancy to mature years."

CHARITY AND LENT.

The three weeks' preparation for the Lenten fast culminates in the all-comprehending idea of charity. This is the prevailing thought in the gospel for the Sunday before Lent, and the grand subject of the corresponding epistle, 1 Cor. 13.

As to the origin of this fast opinions differ, but, it is undeniable, that it was established before or during the third century of the Christian era, and most of the Church fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries maintain that it is of apostolic origin. And this is quite probable, indeed, inasmuch as Lent was universally observed in very early times, and yet was not instituted by a council of the Church after the apostolic period; it would seem, then, as if it had been established by apostolic authority. As an institution of the universal Church, therefore, it is to-day, and always has been, the common inheritance of all Christians, whether Roman, or Greek, or Protestant.

But a far more important question is: How should this forty days' fast be kept? As already stated, this is pointed out in the gospel and epistle for the Sunday before Lent. It is by the cultivation of the grace of charity, that we are to enter upon this specially appointed course of humiliation, prayer and fasting. It is the chief fast, and charity is the chief grace, without which sackcloth and ashes, and all bodily exercises, profit nothing. The discipline of the flesh and of the mind is good only if seasoned with that heaven-born grace. "Let all your things be done with charity" (1 Cor. xvi. 14). It sanctifies every other grace and every good deed. It is the source of humility, which is the becoming garment of all who truly fast and are truly penitent. It was the love, the charity, of Christ that caused Him to submit to painful privations and the deepest humiliations, which He endured, especially during the forty days of fasting and temptation in the wilderness; and we are told, that the same disposition, which was in Him, should also be in us. As He was made perfect through suffering, though perfectly holy; then surely we should mortify our members which are upon the earth, that we may be perfect in love, even as Himself.

Now then, if we enter upon and pass through the approaching season of Lent in the spirit of true charity, it will be a season of spiritual joy. There will be enough humiliating work to do, no doubt; for in the busy whirl of business and social pleasures, many an evil in the soul remains unsubdued, which will not go out except by fasting and prayer; and this is a gracious season for such reflection and gathering up of our spiritual resources, that will be of the greatest benefit to us as Christians, especially in our conflicts with the powers of sin. And, surely, successful conflict—the victory of faith—is something to rejoice in. But there can be no such victory, if love or charity be wanting. And it is just that, which accompanies true fasting, such as our Lord recommends, Matt. vi. 16-18. Not with a sad countenance, like the hypocrites, of that and every other period, but with uplifted head, rejoicing in Him, who gives repentance and remission of sins. The season of Lent teaches us, that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and, if it does not teach us that all our works without charity are worth nothing, then all fasting, and all efforts to subdue the corrupt inclinations of the flesh, are worse than lost labor.

If, then, we would know how to keep Lent, we must first know what charity is—the grace that is the opposite of that host of evil spirits: hypocrisy, envy and hatred, with their numerous offspring. While we mortify the lusts of the flesh, let us not act the hypocrite by taking on solemn airs of piety, while refusing to aid the poor and afflicted. If Lent does not teach us that it is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting—and if there is nothing in that of the blessedness of charity—then let it be dropped. If it has taught us to curtail our expenses,

and to give proportionately to the poor, we will find what use it has been to them and ourselves. It has been truly said, by some one, that "if the rich would add alms to the fast, the poor would live better, and more comfortably during Lent, than in any other season of the year, and would bless God for this salutary institution."

Then, let us not forget, as we approach the season of Lent, that our fasting will be healthful to both body and soul, only if our fast be, at the same time, a feast of charity. Let us not forget, in this season of meditation and self-examination, that we owe a debt of love to Christ, to the Church, and to the world. K.

DEATHS AMONG THE MINISTRY.

The *Christian World*, of the 13th inst., announces the deaths of two ministers of the Reformed Church in Ohio, which have occurred since the opening of the present year. The first is that of the Rev. Jesse Hines, of Reedsburg, Ohio, which took place on the 29th of January, 1879, at the age of 72 years, 2 months and 27 days. From a brief notice of the deceased, furnished by the Rev. C. M. Schaaf, we gather the following particulars:

He was about thirty-nine years of age, when he entered upon the work of the Christian ministry, and continued in it for a period of thirty-three years, the greater part of this time being engaged in its active duties. For some years past, on account of growing infirmities, he was not able to serve a pastoral charge. The Church, however, still lay near his heart. He continued to manifest a deep interest in her affairs, and hoped and prayed for her peace and prosperity. He was endowed with an extraordinary memory, so that he knew intimately the history of the Church, especially of the portion of it located in the West. He is said to have been a diligent student of the Bible, a critical observer of men and things, and an earnest preacher of the gospel.

His funeral took place on the 31st of January. Although the weather was extremely cold, it was yet attended by a large concourse of people. They came from far and near to pay their respects to the memory of a beloved pastor, an earnest counsellor and a warm friend. Rev. T. J. Bacher preached the sermon on the occasion. The text had been selected by the deceased brother himself. "If in this life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." 1 Cor. xv. 19. The text was a very appropriate one, and afforded the officiating pastor a fine theme for a most excellent sermon, which was much appreciated by all present. A short address was delivered by the Rev. W. M. Andrews, *pastor loci*, and the liturgical services were conducted by the Rev. C. M. Schaaff, in which the Rev. Mr. Kiefer, of the Lutheran Church, and a minister of the United Brethren Church, participated.

The other minister, whose death is announced, is the Rev. C. W. Hoyman, of Somerset, Ohio, which took place on the 10th of February, 1879. The particulars of his life, death and funeral, are to be furnished hereafter. We shall present a synopsis of them to our readers as soon as they become accessible. F.

Notes and Quotes.

The *Religious Herald*, Richmond, Va., says that the young brother who stopped college and rushed into the ministry because he could not bear the thought of "working at Greek roots while millions were perishing for the Gospel," has been heard from. He has had a difficulty with his church, and resigned, and is now waiting for another call.

Zion's Herald has a word to say about "jerky believers." It holds that "in all ages the patience of the saints has been tested by a class of jerky believers, who advance along the heavenly road by fits and starts rather than by a regular and continuous movement. Life in them is an intermittent spring. Instead of a perennial flow of waters, it bubbles up

and gurgles out as though painfully and against some restraint. The troubled flow is usually succeeded by a long period of quiescence, as though the effort had induced exhaustion. Such people are built in extremes. Their action is often an over-zeal; their reaction very akin to deadness. They are saints with a vengeance, or not at all. They sing their songs in six lines eight, or in some other unusual metre, in which it is very difficult for the congregation to join; and, after piping alone for a time, they fall back in utter disgust that the silent ones do not join in the chorus. And yet people constructed in this irregular metre seem doomed to make merry and to mourn alone. The majority are not able to keep time with them."

Among the Exchanges.

! The Christian at Work makes these sensible remarks:

"We see it stated, that a 'large number of recruits for the lay ministry' are studying, and will soon be ready to begin their work in various parts of the country. If this means more copyists of Moody, we are sorry. The plain truth is, there is no need of an itinerant lay ministry going about the country, with limp Bibles, holding evangelistic services on their own account. Laymen in the Church, and working under pastoral direction, can do great good; but we greatly question the efficacy or desirability of adding one more to the ranks of the independent lay preachers. Where such services are held, the charm of novelty and the desire to see and to be seen attracts crowds who desert their church and the prayer-meeting to run after the newly-come evangelists. Let us have more fervor in the pulpit, and let there be more worship at the home—there are too many homes in the country where neither the morning nor evening sacrifice goes up—and we shall see a wonderful increase of the Spirit's work that no lay services can secure. And here let us say, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the well-educated, experienced minister can preach the Gospel far better than the superficially-educated layman, with his crude ideas of doctrine and peculiar vagaries touching Christian life."

This from Appeal, on Political Education, is well timed:

"This is one of the gravest subjects of the day; and whilst, in our colleges, constitutional law and kindred studies have some share of attention, this is very far from receiving the careful examination its importance demands. With the progress of democratic institutions, the force and influence of public opinion must be more and more felt; it, therefore, becomes a necessity to prepare for this by the careful education of our youth, so as to enable them to discharge such duties intelligently in their future career."

Republics are governed by majorities, and the average state of political morality will undoubtedly find its expression in a general vote. Hence, to prepare the young to analyze—dispassionately—the topics of the day, will best insure the highest possible amount of permanent utility in the enactments of their representatives.

College life finds our young men at that period when political opinions begin to mature. Entering those academical halls as little more than school-boys, they leave them men; ready for the battle of life. In every department the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil ought to be accessible; surely, then, the topics we are dealing with should not be overlooked. At the periods of school-days and college terms, it is of paramount importance that students be shown how much they owe to their country in the discharge of an individual duty to raise the tone of political morality. Tennyson, in the spirit of true poesy, has sung—

"The music of the Moon
Lies hid in the plain eggs of the nightingale;"

so in the keeping of our youth lies hid the weal or woe of the Nation's political future.

The careful prosecution of a course of education on this subject would make our young men more sensible of the responsibility resting upon them; and it would become more and more difficult for a partisan press or a political oligarchy—rings, if you will—to wield the power of the Nation in defiance of the general weal. In the past, Political Responsibility has been lost sight of in the worship of Political Emoluments. Political—not party—culture is the demand of the hour; nor will this interfere with the shibboleth of party further than to rectify deviations from the pathway of honor; to arrest the ill-regulated zeal of "political marplots" and to control the busybodies, whose sole care is their own personal aggrandizement. As society progresses the greater will be the strain on our Republican institutions, and the less can the meddling, founded on insufficient information, be tolerated. In the interest of the Nation's welfare, have we approached the subject, and not as subserving any interest save the cultivation of a higher political capability among all classes; and this cannot fail to be beneficial to all.

Professor Thompson, in the Penn Monthly, takes a view of the difficulties between England and Afghanistan, which, it seems to us, is a little deeper than that of those, who think the main skirmishing is over, and that the blowing away of the smoke is all that is necessary, in order to see peaceful skies. He says:

"The Afghan war has been, thus far, rather a struggle with the difficulties presented by nature than one with living men. The hill tribes in the British rear have done the most of the fighting, and Gen. Browne's skirmishes with them, and his onslaught on their defenceless villages, have been exalted in the despatches to the level of great battles and important victories. Jellalabad is the farthest point reached, and is hardly more than on the outskirts of a country as large as France. But the point aimed at in the present campaign is Candahar, and we hear that Gen. Stewart is

'within one day's march' of it, and so forth. But even Cabul is still in the hands of the new sovereign, Yakub Khan, who is raising an army by every effort and has a high reputation as a soldier."

The English correspondents have distinguished themselves by the magnitude and the audacity of their canards during this war. The most respectable London papers have been victimized by despatches announcing the collapse of Afghan resistance, the surrender of Yakub Khan, and the like. There is not the slightest authority for these broad statements. The English have hardly more than got through the mountains, and it is safe not to credit their stories of places being evacuated, or no resistance contemplated, until they are definitely in possession of them.

The future of the war is still uncertain. This only is sure, that the English cannot stop where they are. Cries for a cessation of hostilities begin to be heard at home. The Times, which has been for some time the most jingoish of papers, drags in America as groaning together with England for the return of 'the piping days of peace.' But no peace is possible until Afghan resistance has ceased. Any independent ruler would be thrown into the arms of Russia, and the precedent set by this English invasion would not be lost upon the Muscovite. It would not then require a strong glass and a clear day to enable an observer to see from the frontier of one empire to that of another. In Afghanistan, as in Western Asia, the policy of the English cabinet would have brought England and Russia into immediate neighborhood.

But to reduce Afghanistan to obedience, either to the English or to a prince favorable to them, will be no slight undertaking. Yakub Khan would have been such a prince, if they could have waited till the death of his father. Each successive emir has been alternately the friend of England or Russia, from sheer antagonism to his predecessor, and England's turn would have come next, had she had patience. But now the ablest leader and the finest soldier of his race is forced into a desperate quarrel with the very people he would have befriended, and finds it made a point of honor for him to fight while an Englishman remains on Afghan soil. The nature of the country affords splendid facilities for resistance in detail. Its immense, roadless distances,—even the atomic nature of the tribal divisions,—make a guerrilla warfare possible for a century to come. It is a country of passes and ambuscades, filled with a people whose military qualities are exactly suited to the country. The English situation, therefore, will be one of extreme difficulty, not unlike the proverbial embarrassment of the man who holds a mad bull by the tail."

The Episcopal Register gives this account of the way the people of Maryland are trying to solve the tramp problem in that State:

"A work-house for vagrants has just been completed, near Baltimore, for the reception and correction of vagrants. The building, thus far, has cost the sum of \$324,000. There remain to be constructed a wall to enclose the grounds and confine the inmates, and also work-shops. The main edifice is 330 feet in length and 300 feet wide. When all the buildings shall be completed they will extend a length of 560 feet. There is a hospital attached, and provision has been made for a resident physician. The sanitary arrangements are complete, and of the most improved model. The water works and gas works and gas works are also finished, the former having a reservoir with a capacity of 1,250,000 gallons."

A chapel has also been provided for the religious instruction of the inmates, and four chaplains are to officiate in turn, each to receive a salary of \$100. For the use of the chapel a large Bible has been provided by the Maryland Bible Society, and eighty smaller ones for the use of the inmates. Mr. Griffith, one of the Executive Committee, remarked that the Bible was the foundation of all true and enduring reform, and deemed it most appropriate that this should antecede all donations to the institution. On motion, the thanks of the trustees were tendered the Bible Society for its gift.

It was resolved to notify the Judge of the Criminal Court of Baltimore, and the judges of the different circuit courts of the different counties in the State, that the institution is now ready for the reception of offenders, and the secretary was instructed to give the notice.

Sixteen officers and men, chosen from the city of Baltimore and different counties of the State, are employed to have immediate charge of the institution and its inmates. In addition to this force, there is a matron, assisted by four female guards. The duties of all these employees are clearly defined. Five of these only will be required to live permanently in the institution.

The law regulating the commitment to the work-house provides that, "Whenever any person may be convicted in any of the courts of the State, of any crime or misdemeanor, and who is liable, under existing law, to be sentenced to imprisonment for a period not less than two months, and not exceeding three years, such court may, in its discretion, sentence such person to be confined in this House of Correction, instead of other place of confinement. It shall be the duty of every justice of the peace of the State to cause to be arrested, and on due proof, to commit any vagrant, or habitually disorderly person, not insane, to this institution for a period of not less than two nor more than six months. On a second or subsequent commitment, he may be sentenced to double the term of the first commitment."

Every person sentenced to the House of Correction, shall be kept at some useful employment, or hired out for such."

The first one confined was a tramp brought in on the first day after its opening, by a sheriff of Baltimore county.

This is the only practical mode, it seems to us, of relieving the State of the tramp nuisance. The public annoyance and peril to which the peaceful and industrious citizens of the State are subject from the increasing numbers of this vicious class, has become a burden too grievous to bear. The civil authority has taken action in the right direction, and has provided a salutary remedy. These vagrants will now be confined, and compelled to earn their daily bread, or will be forced to leave the State. We do not envy the condition of those sister States, which have not provided a like corrective.

Oberlin College, Ohio, runs behind about \$10,000 annually, which is made up by subscriptions. Special efforts are now being made to increase its endowment fund, and it is said that \$50,000 is promised by one friend of the institution, on condition that an equal amount is raised by others.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.
New Classes on the Pacific Coast.

The Synod of the Potomac, at its last meeting, authorized the Classis of San Francisco to divide and form two new Classes, the one in California and the other in Oregon. Accordingly, there will be a meeting of the old Classis at Portland, Oregon, on the 21st of February inst., at which the proposed division will be consummated. It had become a necessity, as the members in the North and South lived more than five hundred miles apart, and it was difficult to get enough of them together, on account of the expenses incurred in traveling, to form a quorum. As a consequence, several of the annual meetings had to be intermitted. Under the new arrangement, each division will have four ministers in it, and both annual and special meetings will be held without inconvenience. We congratulate our brethren on the coast, in view of the new departure, which is to be made during the current year. It will, we believe, in many ways promote the interests of the churches, and especially the work of missions, in which they are engaged. Let these new organizations be the centres of aggressive work, of mutual encouragement and support, and of missionary activity. They will doubtless yearly grow in numbers. The Board feels the necessity of having more laborers in the field, and desires as soon as possible to send several young men to California, to occupy the large fields now whitening there for the harvest. Will our membership hold up the hands of the Council in the extending of the Church bounds by their prayers and liberality? With a comparatively small amount of money, we may get possession of the land and be honorably represented on our extreme western limit, as we are here in the East. We have the men to go into the vineyard, but we need the means to support them. Let every member of the Church give his penny at least, and the work will be done. Now is the time, when the pressure is the greatest, to do something for the spread of the Gospel of Christ by giving a cup of water to His disciples.

Dark Shadows in a Pastor's Experience.

Brother Ruhl, of Frostburg, Md., gives a full report of the trials and difficulties, through which the church at that place has gone during the last few years. A few years ago, the time had arrived when English services were needed, especially for the young people. The parents, moreover, desired it. This aroused a storm among a few, led on by a troublemaker in Israel, who was accustomed "to dictate what ministers should be pastors in his church, and then, whenever he was displeased with them, which was every year or two, was accustomed to chase them away." But this time he failed, because the pastor was firm and the people sustained him. Of course, he went away disgusted to some other flock to do him there also, by trying to chase away another shepherd. "The congregation then had peace and was much edified by the removal of the troublesome member." The good pastor goes on to say, that "the attendance at German service on Sunday morning is good, and at the English service in the evening, it is very good, mostly young people. And so the whole thing has turned out for the glory of God and the best interests of our Church." The Constitution has been amended, and everything settled about languages and other things, so that there may be no room for dispute hereafter. It is to be a Reformed church, and brother Ruhl's successor will have plain sailing, and be saved from passing through his experience.

But troubles never come singly or alone. The hard times proved to be the severest trial to our German brethren at Frostburg among the mountains. They were all miners, every one of them, and they were thrown out of work. At one time, they had given their pastor \$1,000 a year, when they received good wages; but for the last three or four years, it came down to a mere song. During the year 1878, it was only \$171.00, not because the people were unwilling to give, but because they did not have anything to give. The pastor thinks, that he has spent about \$1,000 in helping the poor of the church along, in buying flour for them, in paying their rent, and sometimes even in defraying their funeral expenses. Besides this, he has advanced the means from time to time to pay church debts and insurance money, which he expects, of course, to be refunded when the times improve, which, no doubt, will be done by his faithful congregation. We beg pardon of the brother for mentioning these pangs in this public way; for we know he has no wish to have his good deeds published to the world. But we think it is proper, that the Church should know how some of our ministers and congregations are called to bear heavy burdens, and how urgent and necessary it is that our people should contribute to relieve them. And further, we know that our members generally will have no hesitancy in giving and helping their brethren in our missionary fields, in proportion as they come to see, that the call is urgent and their help needed. They listen to the cries of the poor in their own neighborhood, when they become acquainted with their circumstances. Why, then, should they turn a deaf ear to the call for help, when it comes from regions beyond their own mountains, rivers or country? The case here described somewhat in detail is only one among others, where missionary congregations are struggling to sustain their churches during these trying times.

Well, what was to be done? It was plain, that brother Ruhl could not hold out long under such a strain, and to leave his church at such a juncture appeared to be equivalent to a disbanding of the church, with no prospect of starting it again in the future. The Classis of Somerset, in a very Christian manner, came to the rescue and voted an appropriation to the pastor for the time being, which, we presume, will more than cover the amount assessed upon them for missions by the Synod. By their timely assistance, they will prevent the removal of a candlestick, whose golden light will cheer for years to come the poor laborer, as he toils in his dark work-shop under the ground.

Missions and Entertainments.

It were better as a rule, if the churches would confine themselves to their own spiritual work of spreading the gospel, and not give entertainments to the public. Many of them, fortunately, are in such a condition, that they are able to dispense with such things, and to devote their entire attention to faith, prayer and works of charity, without any let or hindrance in regard to financial matters. They, of course, ought to abound in good works,

and to be most spiritually-minded, which, however, we are sorry to say, is not always the case. Weak, poor congregations, or missions, on the other hand, are often harassed by debt and find it difficult to sustain themselves. They have temporal, as well as spiritual matters to attend to, and as the former are vitally connected with the latter, they dare not be neglected. Spiritual comfort and success can be maintained only by overcoming the temporal difficulties in the way. Hence, missions or poor churches resort to ruinous methods and instrumentalities, by which to sustain themselves. They get up lectures, have suppers or employ other proper means to replenish their treasuries, when they become empty. In this, we think, they are to be commended for their tact and enterprise. We know of many churches, which, when sorely pressed, found a way of escape by the activity and energy of a few members, in devising ways and means for extricating themselves out of their difficulties. One of our churches in this State was sold by the sheriff years ago, but a few members, with their missionary pastor, went to work, got up fairs, concerts, suppers, tableaux, and I know not what else, and in a few years they again owned the church, and they now worship again under their own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest or make them afraid. A large church in one of our cities commenced with a few members and a heavy debt, and became one of the most prosperous in our bounds by the same or similar means. We frequently hear from our missionaries, of successful efforts in raising money for their churches by some simple entertainment, which the public is disposed to encourage. Sometimes it is a good supper, sometimes a concert, sometimes a lawn party, with refreshments, and sometimes something else. Our missionary in Oregon, Rev. J. Gantenbein, some time ago reports a success of this kind. The German congregation in Lancaster, which used to be a mission, has several times been fortunate in raising the means to finish their church building, by providing good suppers for the public. At the present time, the friends of St. Luke mission at Lancaster, under the charge of Rev. J. F. Wiant, are exercising their minds, in devising plans by which they may get help in carrying forward their good work. They have had the benefit of several lectures already, and expect to get up other entertainments of a proper character hereafter, in which they no doubt will be more successful. It is refreshing to see these movements here at Lancaster, and to witness the new zeal in the cause of missions, which has prompted them. For more reasons than one, Lancaster ought to be one of the most active centres of missionary activity. Our churches here have not been entirely unfaithful in the past in this direction, but they are capable of doing much more in the future. So mote it be.

In encouraging our missionaries and others in building up our waste places by the means just referred to, we of course do not wish to be understood as approving all the measures, to which many churches resort now-a-days in raising money for church purposes. Many of them, where lotteries, raffling and other kinds of gambling are employed for a good object, are simply disgraceful and dishonest. Of all such methods of doing good, or rather of doing evil, we say with the poet: procul, procul este profana. A Christian church can or should always instinctively see here what is the wrong way and find out the better way, in which they will be sure to receive credit from an intelligent and reflecting community.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Rev. J. W. Love, pastor of the Second Reformed Church, Greensburg, Pa., was recently kindly remembered by his people. Without his knowledge, a large number of them met at the house of one of the members, on Thursday evening, February 6th, and after forming into a line, moved in procession to the parsonage, each one bearing some gift for the pastor or some member of his family. Young and old, from town and country, participated in the affair, and with great delight, to the great surprise of the pastor, literally filled his dining-room with all kinds of useful things; nor did they omit, in a quiet way, to slip into the hands of the pastor and his wife, more or less of that, with which additional necessities can be secured.

H. P. Laird, Esq., was orator for the assembly, and in a neat and appropriate speech, gave expression to the good will and esteem of the congregation for their pastor and his family. The pastor failed not to reply, as best he could in the circumstances, from a full heart, and then led the assembly in prayer. The remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse and in listening to music on the piano. At a seasonable hour, all returned to their homes much pleased with their visit, and leaving the pastor and family, happy in the pleasant experience, so unexpectedly thrust upon them.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Rev. C. Cort, pastor, of Columbus City, Iowa, writes us, that they have just had a very pleasant communion season at the St. Paul's congregation, of his charge. Two persons, heads of families, were added to the church by confirmation. The charge seems to be in an improving condition, and the pastor is much encouraged in his work.

Rev. Levi Rike has removed from Farmersville to Middletown, Butler County, Ohio. His post-office address is changed accordingly.

One person was recently added to the church at Somerset, Ohio, twenty to the church at Highland, Ohio, and seven, to the church at Caesar Creek, Ohio.

General Church Items.

In England and Wales there are 6,750,000 sittings in all the churches.

The Presbyterian Board of Relief for Disabled Ministers has distributed during the last twenty-six years more than \$1,000,000.

The Baptists of London have gained 1556 members in 1878, having now 36,776. They have 400,000 children in their Sunday-schools.

The Methodist Protestant Church, recently reunited, has 44 annual conferences, 1200 itinerant ministers and 130,000 members. The value of the church property of the denomination is \$3,000,000.

The clergymen of the State of New York receive \$5,310,000 for salary yearly. Of this

amount the Methodists pay \$1,140,000; the Presbyterians, \$952,000; the Episcopalians, \$811,000. The average clerical salary is \$849.

The Diocese of New York, with its 195 parishes and 34,803 communicants is the largest diocese in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Dakota, with eight parishes and 318 communicants, is the smallest.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists are increasing very rapidly in England and Wales. In 1850 they had 843 chapels, 366 ministers, and 56,678 members. Now they have 1134 churches, 1269 chapels, 872 ministers and 110,016 communicants. There are 70 Welsh congregations in England. In the ten years closing with 1877 they raised for various purposes no less than \$3,709,050.

ALMANACS FOR 1879.

The Reformed Church Almanac for 1879 is now out and ready for distribution. They may be had from our Publication Rooms, 907 Arch St., Phila., at the following reduced prices.

1 dozen copies	\$0.65
50 copies	2 50
100 "	4 75
144 "	6 50.

When sent by mail, 12 cents per dozen will be added for postage. A specimen copy sent by mail on the receipt of 8 cents in postage stamps.

It will be found an excellent affair, and contains a large variety of matter calculated to impress upon the minds of Christians the duty they owe to God and to the Church. Not a family should be without a copy.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanacs from the German Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the following prices: A single copy sent by mail on the receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps. 1 doz. 90 cts., to which 17 cents must be added for postage, when sent by mail. When fifty or more copies are ordered, and they are sent by express, 7 cents per copy will be charged.

Married.

On the 4th inst., by Rev. T. Derr, Mr. Calvin A. Fenstermaker to Miss Edora M. Smithers, both of Nescopeck, Luzerne Co., Pa.

At the Reformed parsonage, in Berwick, by Rev. T. Derr, on the 6th inst., Mr. Ezra Rauch to Miss Huldah A. Hunsinger, both of Luzerne Co., Pa.

At the bridegroom's residence, Feb. 6th, 1879, by Rev. G. W. Roth, Mr. Thomas S. Mood, of Point Pleasant, to Miss Catharine Tettemer, of Upper Tinicum, both of Bucks Co., Pa.

On the 10th inst., by Rev. W. I. Stewart, Jacob D. Ludwig, Attorney, Chambersburg, Pa., to Miss Lucy B. Zullinger, Upper Strasburg, Franklin Co., Pa.

On Jan. 29th, 1879, near Arbor Hill, Augusta Co., Va., by the Rev. A. J. Whitmore, Mr. George W. Williams to Miss Alice S. Rosen, eldest daughter of George Rosen, Esq., A. J. W.

On the evening of the 5th inst., at the bride's home, by the Rev. J. C. Bowman, Mr. R. Campbell Hess, of Hallowton, W. Va., to Miss Sue V. Koontz, of Jefferson Co., W. Va.,

On the evening of the 12th inst., by the same, in the Presbyterian Church at Kearnyville, W. Va., Mr. W. B. Osbourn, to Miss Lottie C. Crantz, both of Kearnyville.

Obituaries.

DIED.—Near Lovettsville, Va., on the 31st day of January last, W. Wenner, Sr., in the 87th year of his age.

The subject of this notice was the son of "Wm. Wenner, Jr., and grandson of Wm. Wenner Sr.," for so their names stand upon the old Church record among the communicant membership, at that time composing the Lovettsville congregation. He was baptized in his infancy, and at an early age was admitted to the full communion of the church at Lovettsville, so that, for at least sixty years or more, if not for full seventy years, he was a member of the Lovettsville congregation, in good and regular standing. During these long years he had the full confidence, not only of the membership of the congregation to which he belonged, but of the community in which he so long lived. No one was ever known to question his piety or Christian integrity; for he ever exemplified the grace that was in him, by an earnest godly life. He loved the Church of his choice.

"Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise."

This he showed by his regularity and punctuality in attending the means of grace, as well as his liberality in contributing to her wants, and by his efficiency in the discharge of all his duties, whether as a private member, a deacon, or an elder; for in these offices he served the Church a part of his life. When the feebleness of age came upon him, he often came to church against the remonstrances of his friends, and many of us remember how he came riding up to the church at our last harvest communion, with a sack filled with straw before him, and upon which he rested his feeble body, and how, when he entered the door, he stood leaning against its side, and, after resting a moment, moved slowly along the aisle to his seat near the altar.

Nearly forty years ago he became a life member of the Board of Publication of the Reformed Church, receiving the weekly visits of the MESSENGER, and reading it attentively. His pastor was often astonished to see and learn how well he had kept himself informed in regard to passing events in the history of the Reformed Church through the MESSENGER. He loved to hear of Zion and its prosperity through its columns. He loved to have his pastor visit him and speak to him of the things pertaining to salvation, and right heartily, and with spirit, too, would he join with him in repeating the Creed and the Lord's Prayer whenever these were used.

Father Wenner belonged to one of the few families that, with very few exceptions, have remained true and faithful to the Reformed Church—the Church of their fathers. One of his sons, John William, as also W. W. Wenner, a nephew, are at the present time elders of the Reformed congregation of Lovettsville. The latter is well known to many of the ministers of the Potomac Synod, he having frequently represented his congregation at Classis and at Synod. The large number of relatives left to mourn his loss are either baptized or confirmed members of the Reformed church at Lovettsville. May they all follow the faith of their pious ancestors, that they may enter at death into their joy; and so abide with them in rest and peace, till both they and all shall reach their common consummation of redemption and bliss in the glorious resurrection of the last day. R.

DIED.—In Nockamixon, February 6th, 1879, Anna Margaret Wimmer, relict of Mr. Daniel Wimmer, aged 93 years, 4 months, 26 days.

DIED.—In Baltimore, Md., Feb. 5th, Helen Barnwell, beloved wife of Charles A. Geiger, M. D. She was a native of Beaufort, S. C. Aged 39 years.

DIED.—On Feb. 6th, 1879, near Yellow Springs, Blair Co., Pa., Alexander Carothers, in the 72nd year of his age.

DIED.—On Jan. 17, 1879, near Cedar Grove, Rockbridge Co., Va., Miss Hannah Bosserman, in the 48th year of her age. The deceased was a consistent member of the church. Though separated many miles from her church, still she clung to the faith of her fathers. A. J. W.

DIED.—In this city, on the 7th inst., of pneuonia, William David, son of David and Mary J. McWilliams, in the 35th year of his age.

Youth's Department.

THE SHINING LITTLE HOUSE.

It hung in the sun, the little house,
It hung in the sun, and shone;
And through the walls I could hear his voice
Who had it all for his own.

The walls were of wire, as bright as gold,
Wrought in a pretty design;
The spaces between for windows served,
And the floor was clean and fine.

There was plenty too to eat and drink,
In this little house that shone:
A lucky thing, to be sure, you'd say;
A house like this for one's own.

But the door was shut and locked all tight,
The key was on the outside;
The one who was in could not get out,
No matter how much he tried.

'Twas only a prison after all,
This bright little house that shone;
Ah! we would not want a house like that,
No matter if 'twere our own!

And, yet through the walls I heard the voice,
Of the one who lives inside;
To warble a sweeter song each day,
It did seem as if he tried.

To open the door he never sought.
Nor fluttered in idle strife:
He ate, and he drank, and slept and sang,
And made the best of his life.

And I, to myself, said every day,
As his cheery song I heard,
There's a lesson for us in every note
Of that little prisoned bird.

We all of us live a life like his,
We are walled on every side;
We all long to do a hundred things,
Which we could not if we tried.

We can spend our strength all foolishly
In a discontented strife;
Or we can be wise, and laugh and sing,
And make the best of our life.

—H. H., St. Nicholas for February.

LIVING IN AN OMNIBUS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Chips, ma'am? Only five cents a basket," said a little voice, as I stood at my gate one morning, deciding which way I should walk.

Looking around, I saw a small, yellow-haired, blue-eyed boy, smiling at me with such a cheerful, confiding face, that I took the chips at once, and ordered some more.

"Where do you live?" I asked, as we waited for Katy, the girl, to empty the basket.

"In the old 'bus, ma'am."

"In what?" I exclaimed.

"The old omnibus down on the Flats, ma'am. It's cheap and jolly, now we are used to it," said the boy.

"How came you to live there?" I asked, laughing at the odd idea.

"We are Germans and when father died, we were very poor. We came to this city in the Spring; but couldn't get any place, there were so many of us, and we had so little money. We stopped one night in the 'bus that was left to tumble to pieces down on the Flats behind the great stables. The man who owned it laughed when my mother asked if we might stay there, and said we might for a while; so we've been there ever since, and like it lots."

While the boy spoke, I took a fancy that I'd like to see this queer home of his. The Flats were not far off, and I decided to go that way, and perhaps help the poor woman, if she seemed honest. As Katy handed back the basket, I said to the lad:

"Will you show me this funny house of yours and tell me your name?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I'm just going home, and my name is Fritz."

I saw him look wistfully at a tray of nice little cakes which Katy had put on the window seat, and I gave him one, saying, as he put it in his pocket very carefully:

"How many of you are there?"

"Six, besides mother."

I just emptied the tray into the basket, and we went away together. We soon came to the Flats behind the stables, and there I saw a queer sight. A great shabby omnibus, of the old-fashioned sort, with a long body, high steps and flat roof, with the grass growing about its wheels, and the smoke coming out of a stovepipe poked through the roof. A pig dozed underneath it; ducks waddled and swam in a pool near by; children of all sizes swarmed up and down the steps; and a woman was washing in the shadow of the great omnibus.

"That's mother," said Fritz, and then left me to introduce myself, while he passed his cake-basket to the little folks.

A stout, cheery, tidy body was Mrs. Hummel, and very ready to tell her story and show her house.

"Hans, the oldest, works in the stables, ma'am, and Gretchen and Fritz sell chips; little Karl and Lottie beg the cold victuals, and baby Franz minds the ducks while I wash; and so we get on well, thanks be to Gott," said the good woman, watching her flock with a contented smile.

She took me up into the omnibus, where everything was as neat and closely stowed as on board of a ship. The stove stood at the end, and on it was cooking a savory-smelling soup, made from the scraps the children had begged. They slept and sat on the long seats, and ate on a wide board laid across. Clothes were hung to the roof in bundles, or stowed under the seats. The dishes were on a shelf or two over the stove; and the small stock of food they had was kept in a closet made in the driver's seat, which was boarded over outside, and a door cut from the inside. Some of the boys slept on the roof in fine weather, for they were hardy lads, and a big dog guarded the pig and ducks, as well as the children.

"How will you manage when the cold weather comes?" I asked.

She shook her head, and looked sober for a minute, as she stroked the white head of baby Franz, who clung to her gown; then a smile broke over her face, and she answered, trustfully:

"I do my best, ma'am, and keep a brave heart in me; for I remember that the dear Gott is a father to such as these; and He won't let them suffer."

"You may be sure of that," I said, heartily, and resolved that her beautiful faith should be rewarded by finding friends close by her.

"We are saving to get clothes for Gretchen and Fritz to go to school in the Winter, ma'am. Karl and Lottie make toy furniture, as the father taught them; and when the bad weather comes they can sit warm in the 'bus, and make their bits of chairs and tables as well as ever. They can earn but little yet; still, they are so good I can leave Franz with them, and old Spitz, the dog, while I go out washing when it gets too cold to work here."

"Perhaps some kind person would take one of the children, and so lessen your care," I said; for I rather coveted pretty Lottie.

"Ah, but no! I could not spare one, even to you, best ma'am. They are my treasures, and I keep them all, all, as long as I can find bread to give them," cried the mother, gathering the flock into her arms, and feeling herself rich, in spite of poverty. I said no more, but slipped a bit of money into pretty Lottie's hand, and said good-by.

A happier, healthier, busier set I never saw; each had work to do, and did it cheerfully. Often they had hunger and cold to bear, but bore it patiently. Very seldom did any of the pleasant things that children like come to them; but they were contented, and enjoyed playing with oyster shells, old shoes and broken crockery as much as many children enjoy their fine toys. Few mothers have more loving children, or do more for them than good Mrs. Hummel; and I think I never saw a happier family than those little red-cheeked, yellow-haired Germans, as they gratefully nodded at me from the steps of their funny omnibus home.

THE REINDEER.

The docility of the reindeer, so carefully impressed on us in childhood, is declared to be a myth. It seems that he is remarkably difficult to break, and always exceedingly troublesome to catch; while in temperament he is apt to be a dangerous compound of vice, ferocity and hypocrisy. While apparently going pleasantly in harness, he will turn sharply round and make a savage assault on his driver. His master knows him too well to trust him. The Lap is always on the outlook to tumble out of the ledge and turn it over on top of him as

a protection against the animal's horns. When the deer is tired of butting the timber, the driver picks himself up, replaces the sledge on its runners, and the pair proceed.

THE BIGGEST NOT THE BRAVEST.

It is his first battle that tells the courage of the soldier. Many think before the battle that nothing can frighten them. When it begins they are panic-stricken, and disgrace themselves by cowardice. Col. Chester, of Connecticut, who commanded a company of his townsmen at Bunker Hill, used to tell a good story of two of his soldiers in that battle. A large and powerful man, standing by the side of a pale-faced youth of slender figure, said to the comrade:

"Man, you had better retire before the fight begins. You will faint away when the bullets begin to whiz around your head."

The pale stripling replied:

"I don't know but I shall, as I never heard one, but I will stay and see."

He did stay, and was seen by Colonel Chester during the battle, calm and firm, loading and firing with great coolness. But the burly giant by his side was missing, and at the retreat was found alive and unharmed, secreted under a haystack. Boastful words and moral courage to face any danger rarely go together. —*Youth's Companion*.

THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise?
What can be the matter?
Willie's coming up the stairs
With unusual clatter.
Now he bursts into the room,
Noisy as a rocket;
"Auntie, I am five years old—
And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes as round and bright as stars;
Cheeks like apples glowing;
Heart that this new treasure fills
Quite to overflowing.
"Jack may have his squeaking boots;
Kate may have her locket;
I've got something bet'er yet—
I have got a pocket!"

All to fetch the joy to make
Emptiness a sorrow;
Little hand is plump enough,
To fill it—till to-morrow.
And, ere many days were o'er,
Strangest things did stock it;
Nothing ever came amiss
To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
Licorice-sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his pennies, too;
It was always handy.
And, when Willie's snug in bed,
Should you chance to knock it,
Sundry treasures rattle out
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife
Found a place within it;
He forgot that he had said:
"I want it, just a minute."
Once the closet key was lost;
No one could unlock it;
Where do you suppose it was?
Down in Willie's pocket!

BOYS ON THE FARM.

It is a proud day when the average boy gets his first pair of boots and trudges to school by the side of an older sister. He does not care any longer to take her hand. The leading strings are cut. But this early ambition to be a man is entirely eclipsed when he has taken charge of his first pair of steers, and started for the fair. Has he not raised them broken them, to the yoke, taught them to pull and go back, to haw and to gee? They are evidence of his skill in subduing brute muscle. He is going up to the exhibition to display the fruits of his triumph, and, as he hopes, to wear the laurels of victory. He is no longer merely a spectator, but an exhibitor, an entertainer of spectators. There is a difference of native tastes in boys. Some have a natural aptitude to one calling and some to another, but most men have their callings determined by early circumstances, sometimes by incidents so trivial that they have hardly a place in memory. It is not difficult generally for a father who loves the farm to determine the calling of his children. If he makes it a business of thrift, and provides comfortably for his family, they will respect the calling. If he is discouraged and continually shifting his work, or his home, they will not

be very likely to make tillers of the soil. One can hardly begin too early with his boys to incline them to the calling that is to give them bread and the means of their future usefulness. If the boy is to be a farmer, he must begin to have a personal interest and venture in farming while he is yet a boy. Filial affection, in a happy home, is a very strong motive to industry, but it does not shape a boy's plans for life like an investment of his own brains and muscles in daily work. He should have crops and animals, not only that he can "call" his own, but, that are his own, to keep, to enjoy, and to sell for his own pleasure and profit. The trusts may be small at first, but they should be absolute, and let him have his own experience of success and failure in managing them. Let him manage poultry, a lamb, a calf, or a colt, and exhibit his own stock at the fairs. We notice with great satisfaction the increasing attention paid to the boys at the fall fairs. Boys did some of the best work at a recent plowing match at one of our fairs. One, a boy of fourteen, held the plow and drove his own team, and made as good a seed bed as his older competitors. These premiums for boy's work are in the right direction; let them be noted in making up the lists for next year. —*American Agriculturist for December*.

THE DAUGHTER OF A KING.

"I wish I were a princess!"

Emma stood with the dust-brush in her hand, pausing on her way upstairs to her own pretty little room, which she was required to put in order every day.

"Why, my child?" asked her mother.

"Because then I would never have to sweep, and dust, and make beds, but would have plenty of servants to do these things for me."

"That is a very foolish wish," her mother replied; "and even if you were a princess, I think you would find it best to learn how to do all these things, so that you could do them in case of necessity."

"It never is necessary for princesses to work."

"There my little girl proves her ignorance. If she will come to me after her work is done, I will show her a picture."

The little bedroom was at length put to rights, and Emma came to her mother, reminding her of her promise about the picture.

"What do you see, my child?" her mother asked, as she laid the picture before her daughter.

"I see a young girl with her dress fastened up, an apron on, and a broom in her hand."

"Can you tell me what kind of a place she is in?"

"I do not know. There are walls and arches of stone, and a bare stone floor. I do not think it can be a pleasant place."

"No, it is not. It is a prison, and the young girl is a king's daughter."

"A king's daughter?"

"Yes; and her story is a very sad one."

"Please tell me about her."

"More than eighty years ago the King of France was Louis XVI. and his wife was Marie Antoinette. They were not a wicked king and queen, but they were thoughtless and fond of pleasure. They forgot that it was their duty to look after the good of the people, so they spent money extravagantly in their own pleasures while the whole nation was suffering."

"The people became dissatisfied; and when finally Louis and Marie Antoinette saw the mistake they had been making, and tried to change their conduct, it was too late. The people, urged on by bad leaders, learned to hate their king and queen. They were taken with their two children and the sister of the king and shut up in a prison called the temple."

"There were dreadful times in France then, and every one who was suspected of being friendly to the royal family was sent to prison and to the guillotine. The prisoners in the temple passed the time as best they could. The king gave lessons to his son and daughter every day,

or read to them all, while Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the young Maria Theresa sewed.

"After a time the angry people took away the king and beheaded him. And shortly after the little son was separated from his mother, sister and aunt, and shut up by himself in the charge of a cruel jailer. Next it was Marie Antoinette's turn to ascend the scaffold, which she did in 1793. Her daughter Maria Theresa was then left alone with her aunt, the Madame Elizabeth."

"But it was not long she was allowed even this companionship. Madame Elizabeth was taken away and beheaded, and then the poor young girl of sixteen was left entirely by herself in a dismal prison, guarded and waited on by brutal soldiers. For a year and a half she lived thus, leading the most wretched existence, and not knowing whether her mother and aunt were alive or dead."

"Years afterward, when she was free, she wrote a book about her life in prison. In that we read: 'I only asked for the simple necessities of life, and these they often harshly refused me. I was, however, enabled to keep myself clean. I had at least soap and water, and I swept out my room every day.'

"So here you see a king's daughter, and the grand-daughter of an empress—Maria Theresa of Austria, one of the most remarkable women in history—after having carefully made her toilette, sweeping the bare stone floor of her cell."

"Is that a true story, mamma?"

"Yes, Emma, every word of it; and there is much, much more that I cannot tell you now."

"What became of her at last?"

"She was finally released from prison and sent to Austria to her mother's friends; but it was a full year after she reached Vienna before she smiled, and, though she lived to be more than seventy years old, she never forgot the terrible sufferings of her prison life."

"But, my child, what I wished to teach you is, that though it is sometimes very pleasant to be a princess, it may be most unfortunate at other times. Yet there are no circumstances in life, either high or low, in which a woman will find the knowledge of domestic duties to come amiss, and in which she will not be far happier and more useful for possessing that knowledge."

"Little children do not always comprehend everything at once; so I will not say that from that time forth Emma took delight in dusting and sweeping. But bear in mind what woman is the most happy. Not the one who is the most ignorant and the most burdensome to others, but the one who uses her wisdom and her strength for the benefit of those around her, shrinking from no duty that she should perform, but doing it cheerfully and well. —*Children's Friend*.

Pleasantries.

The proprietor of a building site in Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in this wise: "The town of Poggis and surrounding country is the most beautiful which nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also, two waggons and a yoke of steers."

The Terrible—"Ma, is ladies ducks?" Ma—"Why no, Willie; what in the world put that into your head?" Pa (at the window)—"Whoopee! Willie; come 'ere quick and see these dogs a fightin'. Just look at 'em though!" —*Louisville Courier Journal*.

The latest sentimental agony in songs is a tender ballad beginning:—

"Who will come, above me sighing,
When the grass grows over me?"

We can't say, positively, who, but if the cemetery fence is in the usual repair, it will probably be the cow. —*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Professor Melone, the brass and string bandit, was interviewed this morning by a man who wanted a situation in the band. "What can you play?" asked the Professor. "Well, I ain't much for fiddlin', but, if you want wind stuffed into a cornet, or wind belted out of a bass drum, I'm your oyster." He was engaged. —*Virginia (New) Chronicle*.

General News.

HOME.

A large portion of the Rogers locomotive works at Paterson, N. J., was destroyed by fire on the 8th inst.

The large building in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, known to the Centennial visitors as Machinery Hall, was sold on the 8th inst., by order of the Mayor, for \$24,000. The original cost was nearly \$800,000.

The quarantine regulations proposed in the National Legislature, have not yet passed, and are likely to fail, because the bills proposed in the two Houses differ so widely. The one proposes to make the regulations National, while the other remands them to the authorities of the several States.

Harrisburg, February 13.—The Governor last night received a telegram from California, Washington county, Pa., from the sheriff of that county, saying that a state of riot existed there; that he had summoned a posse to make arrests, but as three or four hundred miners were in sympathy with the rioters there was some doubt as to the efficiency of his force, and he asked for military aid, if the Governor considered such a course necessary. Another telegram, this morning, says the arrests are progressing in quietness to-day, and that about sixty or eighty men would be arrested. Thus far no military force had been ordered to the scene.

FOREIGN.

The foreign news which has attracted most attention during the past week relates to the defeat of the English military forces at Zululand, South Africa. A large number of British soldiers, including a remarkable proportion of officers, were killed. It appears that appeals for reinforcement were disregarded by the home government. Now the Queen's cabinet is resolved to wipe out the disaster, and a large force of troops are already on their way to the scene of conflict.

The English labor troubles seem to be on the increase. A despatch dated London, February 13, says: The weavers at Ashton-under-Lyne went on a strike to-day. The masters will probably lock out the spinners also, although the latter desire to continue at work. There have been further stoppages of mills, and notices of a reduction of wages were posted at Burnley this week. Forty firms at Bolton have given notice of a ten per cent. reduction in wages. The spinners offer to accept a reduction of five per cent. If the masters refuse to comply, 10,000 men will strike. The relief committee of the strikers in the engineering trade report only 1,580 men out in the London district. The strikers say they have information that a meeting of engineers will be held shortly to devise means for a compromise.

St. Petersburg, Friday, Feb. 14, 1879.—The Official Gazette announces that General Loris Melikoff has been invested with absolute powers, and command of the troops and authorities within the military cordon. A thaw with rain has begun at Tzaritzin. The *Golos* publishes the telegram dated Tzaritzin, Feb. 13: "The Government of Tzaritzin will be divided into three districts, with a special representative of the medical staff at the head of each. The quarantine line of Saratoff will be extended eastward as far as Prischib, thence to the Orenburg frontier, and westward from Iwanowka to the Don frontier."

Paris, Friday, Feb. 14, 1879.—The Official Journal says: "The latest reports of the plague are reassuring. It has not increased, and energetic measures have been adopted for its suppression. The French Government have dispatched a physician to investigate the disease. The reports that the plague had appeared in Turkey are unfounded. There is no ground for panic, and no danger for the present from arrivals from the Black Sea or Sea of Azof, nevertheless the Minister of Commerce has ordered a quarantine of two days at French ports on the arrivals from the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, even when provided with clean bills of health."

London, Friday, Feb. 14, 1879.—In the House of Lords to-night, the Duke of Richmond, Lord President of the Council, stated that England had asked permission of Russia to send physicians to investigate the plague. The Privy Council had, he said, ample powers to enforce quarantine at a moment's notice, but he did not believe England was endangered.

London, Feb. 14.—In the House of Commons to-day, Lord George F. Hamilton, Vice-President of the Council, in reply to inquiries from Messrs. Rathbone, Mundella and Chaplin, why the Council had ordered the slaughter of American cattle, said some time ago the Council was informed of the prevalence of disease among cattle in the United States. Among the sources of information was a message of President Hayes. Canada was not included in the prohibition, because there was no disease there. He expected that by the 3d of March the necessary arrangements for slaughtering cattle would be completed at Liverpool and elsewhere.

At a meeting of the Liverpool Health Committee yesterday the Town Clerk stated that the recent order of the Privy Council would (nearly) result in the shipment of livestock from the United States to Liverpool, because Liverpool is not registered under the act as a foreign Liverpool wharf. The only ports so registered are London, Hull, Grimsby, Hartlepool, New-Castle, Plymouth and Sunderland. The committee decided to address a letter to the Privy Council, calling attention to the disastrous effect of the order on that part of Liverpool and the population of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and expressing hope that arrangements now making by the Liverpool Dock Board may lead the Privy Council before the 3d of March, to define a part of the port of Liverpool where foreign animals may be landed.

M. Grevy, the new President of the French Republic, has removed the military officers whose sympathy with the Napoleon succession was thought to be unsafe. His inaugural address promises perfect obedience to the popular will, as this finds expression from time to time through the assemblies elected by the people.

The Rev. George Müller, of the Bristol Orphanages, says in his thirty-ninth annual report: "Since the founding of the institution we have received, simply through prayer and the exercise of faith, above seven hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds (\$3,920,000)." He adds: 66,600 children or grown-up persons have been taught in the various schools entirely supported by the funds of the institution, besides the tens of thousands who have been benefited in the schools which are

assisted by its funds. Ten thousand five hundred attend the schools.

The Second Advent advocates in England are to hold another conference in London, beginning on the 4th of March. Among the signers of the call are the Earl of Cavan and the Rev. Dr. Horatius Boar, the hymn-writer. Their programme is as follows: March 4. The duty of taking heed to the sure word of prophecy; Christ's own testimony with regard to His second coming. Old Testament saints always waiting, trace from the Patriarchs up to Simeon and Anna; the two advents often combined in Scripture. The teaching of the Apostles concerning the second coming of Christ. March 5. The conversion of the world; is it to be accomplished by the preaching of the Word in this dispensation or subsequently to the coming of Christ? The times of the Gentiles. The gathering of Israel. The millennial reign of Christ. March 6. The two resurrections; the two judgments. The present dispensation (Acts xv.). The eternal state (Rev. xxi. 5: "Behold, I make all things new"); practical influence of the blessed hope ("Exhort one another daily," Heb. iii. 13; "Go out quickly," Luke xiv. 24; "Watch and pray," Mark xiii. 33; "Be ye separate," 2 Cor. vi. 17).

Farm and Garden.

DARK BARN.—A writer in an exchange says upon this subject: "I have often thought, as I have been in different barns, that their owners' deeds, in them at least, must be evil, for they seem to prefer darkness rather than light. In this neighborhood there are four barns that I thought I would go and measure, and see how much glass there is in them. In the smallest there is none, and as the cracks are well covered, no matter how cold it is, they have to leave the doors open to see, while doing chores. The others are larger, one forty by forty, with nine square feet of glass; one sixty by forty, also with nine square feet. The other is sixty by thirty-four, and is lighted by the open door and numerous wide cracks, some of them measuring an inch and a quarter. When my father built our barn, he put in over sixty square feet, and a year ago we put ten and one-half feet more in the west end, so that the sun could come upon the sheep. We are not troubled with an abundance of light, and I don't think that the stock are, for I notice that the sheep and lambs take particular pains to stand where the sunlight will fall on them." This is a matter of greater importance than some farmers think. Animals cannot thrive in the dark. Our long winters are sufficiently trying to the constitutions of our farm stock under the best of circumstances, and an animal upon which the sun scarcely shines at all for five or six months will come out in the spring in a bad state of health, even though the feed, and the ventilation, and the temperature have been all right. The sun is the great life giver.—*Vermont Chronicle*.

TAKE CARE OF THE IMPLEMENTS.—It is a lamentable fact that a large majority of our farmers lose as much from a want of proper care of tools as from the actual wear-and-tear of them. Repeated wetting and drying injures, sooner or later, any kind of woodwork; the moisture getting into the cracks soon begins the work of decay. This may be prevented by the timely and occasional application of some cheap paint. Much has been said and written upon the value of tool-houses, and it is not all that should be done, if the shovels, spades and forks are brought into the tool-house with the dirt sticking to them, and in that condition are allowed to remain through the winter, or until they are again needed. Practical farmers know how much better a bright plow turns a furrow, how much easier it is on the team and driver, and yet they will bring their plows and harrows in every fall with the dirt sticking to them, and let them be so until again wanted, much to their own loss. There are various mixtures which might be applied to the iron to prevent rusting, the cheapest of which is common (unsalted) grease. A better article may be formed by melting together six pounds of fresh (not salted) lard and two of rosin. An old iron pot is a good thing to keep and compound the mixture in. As soon as a tool is done being used for the season clean it off and give it a coat of this mixture, and even if it remains undisturbed for years, it will come out as bright as when put away. Implements properly cared for will not only last nearly twice as long as when this is not the case, but, as we said before, they are far better in every way.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

POPULAR COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT, with Illustrations and Maps. We noticed favorably a few weeks ago, the appearance of the first volume of a new Commentary with the above title, issued by the Rev. Dr. P. Schaff as General Editor. He is to be assisted in the work by a corps of able divines. It will be a most valuable commentary for general popular use. We have made arrangements with the publishers for its sale through our Publication Board. The retail price is \$6.00 per volume in cloth extra, and \$3.50 in half calf. Special circulars will be furnished on application. F.

Acknowledgments.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.	
Ref S School, Turbotville, Rev Z A Yearick, two quilts,	6 00
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Arendtsville Cong, Rev A J Heller, 2 boxes provisions,	28 65
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THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 15th, 1879.	
[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
FLOUR, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$2.25 @ 2.75
" Extra Family.....	4.25 @ 4.62
" Fancy.....	6.50 @ 8.00
Rye.....	2.62 @ 2.75
Corn meal.....	2.75 @ 3.00
Buckwheat meal.....	1.50 @ 1.75
GRAIN, Wheat, White.....	1.07 @ 1.08
" Red.....	1.06 @ 1.04
Rye.....	53 @ 55
Corn, Yellow.....	44 @ 44 1/2
" White.....	43 @ 43 1/2
Oats.....	29 @ 31
Barley.....	70 @ 75
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	68 @ 68 1/2
" refined out loaf.....	94 @ 94 1/2
" " crushed.....	94 @ 94 1/2
" " powdered.....	84 @ 84 1/2
" " granulated.....	84 @ 84 1/2
" " A.....	84 @ 84 1/2
Coffee, Rio.....gold.....	102 @ 106
" Maracaibo.....gold.....	142 @ 148
" Laguayra.....gold.....	14 @ 16
" Java.....gold.....	23 @ 26
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....	11.00 @ 11 1/25
Dried Beef.....	12 @ 13
Sugar cured Ham.....	8 1/2 @ 9 1/2
Lard.....	7 1/2 @ 7 1/2
Butter, Roll extra.....	8 @ 10
Butter, Roll Common.....	27 @ 30
" Prints, extra.....	20 @ 24
" " Common.....	34 @ 36
" Grease.....	20 @ 21
Eggs.....	6.50 @ 7.25
SEEDS, Clover.....	1.10 @ 1.25
Timothy.....	1.37 @ 1.40
Flax.....	3.00 @ 3.25
PLASTER, White.....	2.56 @ 3.00
Blue.....	

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AGE	When Insured.	1	2	3	4	5
		Years.	Years.	Years.	Years.	Years.
25	293	1 228	2 170	3 119	4 72	5 75
30	315	1 271	2 204	3 202	4 176	5 176
35	344	1 330	2 231	3 317	4 318	5 318
40	371	1 396	2 302	3 374	4 374	5 374
45	419	2 06	3 325	4 123	5 86	

THE FUND reserved under the above statute having been derived entirely from policies on which the premiums are overdue and not likely to be paid, can only be used for the benefit of such policy-holders in continuing the insurance in accordance with the above tables.

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